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WHITE LILIES.

BY I. E. DIEKENGA.

White are the lilies that float on the lake,
When the night winds breathe softly and low;
And fair is the hand that is ready to take
The buds where the white lilies grow.
Oh, swift o'er the waters the boat glides along,
And the ripples shine silver and gold
In the moon's gentle light, and sweet is the song
That is sung to the music of old.

The reeds line the bank and the bank feels the tide,
And the tree branches whisper above,
And the perfume of lilies is spread far and wide,
Like the sweet early breathing of love.
The stars in the lake greet the stars in the sky,
And between the two skies broad and blue,
Above the white lilies are eyes greeting eyes,
And hearts that are faithful and true.

The swift boat is moored and the oars sweep no more
And silence broods over the lake,
But the love that began with the lilies of yore
Shall never grow dim nor forsake.
Breathe on, gentle lilies!—sweet lilies, live on!
Your green fan-like leaves widely spread;
And when your sweet fragrance is wasted and gone,
Your essence shall live in its stead.

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HESTER KEENE, standing very prim and upright upon the red hearth-rug, before the fire in the sitting-room at Bramble Farm, had on her face an expression of the most chilly and severe disapproval. Not that she was cross. Hester's cool and even temper was seldom roused to wrath; with her, displeasure was never expressed by any show of heat. Hester could display temper in a much more effective way than that. Now, although she was decidedly displeased, more than a little scandalized, and, moreover, uneasily suspicious, it would have been hard to say what note of interest and kindness her clear voice lacked as she said quietly:

"I am very glad you are better. No—pray do not thank me; it is quite unnecessary, I assure you."

But the coldness of her tone could be felt. The girl whom she addressed winced, and closed her delicate lips tightly, and a quick wave of color rose in her pale face as she answered:

"Not to thank you at all seems as hard as it would be to thank you enough." She stopped and shivered, then added: "I should have been dead but for you."

"You should rather say but for my brother," returned Hester coldly. "He found you; I did not. I told you so, I thought."

"But you have been very kind to me," said the sweet voice wistfully—a voice so clear, penetrating, and soft, that it was no wonder it had fallen so pleasantly upon the ear of Stephen Keene last night.

A slight frown contracted the smooth forehead of Hester Keene, and she held her smoothly-braided head a little higher. She was too intensely honest to receive thanks from this unknown girl, for she had made up her mind that she both distrusted and disliked her. Her voice was a little chilly and curt as she replied to her.

"Hardly. I think I could scarcely do less than my best to restore you. Besides, it was my brother's wish. It is he whom you must thank, since he found you; and this is his house, not mine. Very well, Mary—I will come directly."

A servant had put her head in at the door, asking to speak to her mistress about some concern in the kitchen; and Hester at once left the room to attend to it, glad to have the stiff, constrained talk between herself and her forced guest broken off. Perhaps the relief was not wholly upon her side, for, as the door closed upon her slim, erect figure, the girl who had called herself Nelly Carroll, rose from the great arm-chair in which she had been sitting, and, slipping down upon the rug, half-knelt and half-crouched there as her large, bright eyes were fixed steadily upon the flames.

It was a beautiful face upon which the red glow shone, although pale from the adventure of the previous night, and having about it a strange gravity, odd in a woman so young as this girl obviously was. The small, straight features were delicately molded, and almost perfect in outline, while the large eyes, of a peculiarly brilliant brown, which shone from beneath the straight, dark brows, would have attracted a second glance had they been set in a far different face.

Certainly she owed nothing of her appearance to the assistance of dress, for she wore a dark-colored stuff gown so neatly shabby that its only merit was that it fitted her slender, rounded figure exquisitely. It had been drenched and soiled by the snow, but Hester's sense of duty had rendered it at least dry and wearable; and she had reflected, while engaged upon the the unwelcome task, that a dress so poor and shabby certainly could belong to no one but a servant.

And yet Hester, in her honesty, had been compelled to admit to herself that the girl did not look like a servant or talk like one. She had never seen a servant with such thick, glossy masses of bright, brown hair, which, when unbound, had streamed below her waist; and what sort of respectable mistress could it be, Hester indignantly asked herself, who would allow her servant to wear it cut and curled in that soft, cloudy "fringe" over her eyes? That fringe had annoyed and scandalized Hester beyond measure.

But Nelly Carroll, half-lying on the rug before the great, blazing fire, if she guessed this, did not seem to heed it. She was weak and fatigued, both in mind and body, and the heat of the blaze gradually overpowered her steady gaze. Her eyelids dropped, her head drooped, and in a few moments she lay in the firelight, her head and arms resting upon the seat of the arm-chair, as sound asleep as a child.

Stephen Keene, presently coming striding into the room from his cold walk in the keen October air, was almost up to the fire before he saw the girl lying there, and he checked himself almost as abruptly as he had done on the previous night. Some word of apology was on his lips, but he saw that she was asleep, and it remained unspoken. He stood still, looking down at her, seeing now that she was really beautiful—that his fancy had not played him false.

Then he remembered his doubts of the night before, and his eyes went quickly to her left hand. It was almost shrouded by her hair as she lay, but he saw that there was no ring upon it, and he experienced an odd sense of gladness and relief, which as yet he did not in the least understand. No—she had run away from her friends, poor child, and she must go back to them as soon as she was strong enough—to-morrow, perhaps! Of course she must go back; and yet what a pity it was that she could not stay there in the heart of his home—stay in some sweet, unexplained capacity which was perfectly indefinable, even to himself! She would be happy at Bramble Farm, he thought, and—well, certainly he would not miss Hester, if she were there to more than fill the blank which his sister's marriage would leave in the old place. But how ridiculous it was to let his fancy run on like this!

He half sighed as he stepped back to where he could not see the fair, sleeping face, and at the sound he made she started and awoke, turning on her arm to look at him. There was a curious expression in her large eyes, and, although he saw them for the first time, and could not tell that it was not the look which they habitually wore, it surprised him. It was not that they were startled or wondering, although they certainly were that, but it was the expression of intense relief which shone in them as she saw his face clearly. It was such a look as she might have given had some terrible dream haunted her sleep, and she had awakened in dread, to find beside her, instead of her embodied fear, the face of a friend. So the two pair of eyes met for a moment, and then the girl sprang to her feet, and stood looking steadily at him.

She tried to thank him, but he checked her as Hester had done, but not with Hester's tone. In his natural diffidence with women, he felt even more awkward with this strange girl than he had ever done with brilliant Isabel Grantham, and he stammered and faltered, and turned red as he bashfully tried to check her trembling words of gratitude. Perhaps, with the quick intuition of a woman, the girl understood him, and comprehended, too, the difference between the sister who declined to receive thanks, and the brother, who, it seemed, could not see that he merited them.

Hester, busy with preparations for tea in the kitchen, was presently startled to hear her brother talking quite briskly and cheerfully, and she paused and frowned when his voice was followed by a low, sweet laugh. But Hester need not have frowned and compressed her lips, for it was only old Boodle at whom Nelly was laughing—old Boodle, who was such a sober dog in his expression, and so comical in his visage; old Boodle, so long and scraggy of body, and so short and stumpy of leg; old Boodle, whose tail was docked, whose nose turned up, whose ears were odd ones, and whose eyes were askew; old Boodle, who was, in fact, the ugliest, most ill-favored cur in the whole of Buttermead, and withal, so dignified and stately!

"I never saw such a funny dog!" Nelly Carroll declared, laughing. Boodle had followed his master into the room, and now sat bolt upright upon the rug, blinking at her out of his squinting eyes, and slowly thumping his stump of a tail on the floor in token of approval. Boodle for once in his life had proved exceedingly useful, for he had given his two oddly-assorted companions something to talk about which embarrassed neither of them.

"He is very ugly, isn't he?" Stephen said.

"Oh, yes, he is dreadfully ugly, of course!" Nelly assented. "But he is so funny! I don't think I ever saw any dog who had such a very comical face. He looks as if every part of him belonged to some other dog."

This was, indeed, a very apt description of Boodle's personal peculiarities. Perhaps he appreciated it, for he nestled his nondescript head against her knee, and lazily licked her soft hand.

"He likes you," observed Stephen with a smile. "It usually takes Boodle a long time to get used to strangers."

"Is his name Boodle?"

"The only name that I ever heard of his having. He came wandering in here—lame, muddy, and half blind—one winter's night three or four years ago, and took up his quarters in front of the fire, where he sits now, just as if he had always lived here. Somebody dubbed him 'Boodle'—because he was such a queer looking article, I suppose—and Boodle he's been ever since. I couldn't turn the poor homeless brute out, of course."

"No," murmured Nelly; "I am sure you could not."

Stephen colored. Boodle had proved embarrassing after all, for there had been a soft stress upon the girl's last sentence which was not to be mistaken. There was an awkward pause, during which Nelly softly stroked Boodle's ugly head. Boodle blinked with slow sagaciousness at the fire, and Stephen was staring awkwardly at nothing. Nelly broke the silence. She leaned back in the great chair so that her face was out of sight, but her voice was very clear and sweet.

"Mr. Keene," she began, "your sister said just now, when I came down, and told her how much better I felt, that you said I must not go on until I felt quite sure that I could do it. So I want to tell you that I am quite able to go now."

"To-morrow, you mean, of course?" said Stephen.

"No; I mean to-night."

"To-night?" echoed Stephen. "My dear child you can't go to Dover to-night." He had not meant to speak to her in that way, and he colored furiously. Then, seeing the flash of surprise in her eyes, he added, hesitating: "I think my sister told me you were on your way to Dover?"

"No," returned Nelly Carroll quietly; "she made a mistake. I did not say that I wanted to go to Dover, but that I was coming away from it. I live—my home is in London."

Stephen Keene had a good deal of simplicity—simplicity of the trustful and unsuspicious kind. If he had not been very simple, he would, perhaps, not have believed so implicitly the story which this girl proceeded to tell him. Certainly, had Hester been the listener, she would have doubted and questioned. But then she was a woman, and would have been listening to another woman, who, she had decided in her own mind, was not to be unquestioningly trusted; and he was a man, listening to the sweet voice of a girl who, he told himself, was the sweetest, most beautiful creature whom he had ever seen, and who was already set apart among women for him.

So Stephen believed in the truth of what she told him as entirely as he believed any past incident in his own life. She said it—therefore it was so. Yes, Stephen Keene was very simple indeed, for as he listened he admired, he pitied, and he began to love this Nelly Carroll.

There was very little after all, in the story which she told him. It was commonplace—even piteously commonplace; and, had he read it in black and white, it would probably have made no impression upon him; but, told by this, slender, fair-faced girl, with the shy, pathetic eyes, the lovely, child-like face, and clear, tremulous voice, it became a living reality.

She was an orphan, Nelly Carroll told him, leaning back in her great chair, so that the leaping firelight shone only upon her loose, shining hair, and left her face in shadow. Her father had been a clerk in a London office, and he and her mother had died within a few months of each other, when she was seventeen. Her father left nothing behind him.

"He was only a poor clerk, you see, Mr. Keene," continued Nelly. "He could not save any money, poor fellow!—he had only a hundred and twenty pounds a year. So when I was left alone I could not pick and choose as to what I would do, and I had no relatives I knew much about, excepting that they, like myself, were poor. I was not clever enough for a governess,

although I can play the piano and sing a little; but people expect so much now, don't they? I did the only thing I could, or that I could think of, at any rate. I am clever with my needle and all kinds of fancy work, and I had learned to color photographs. I had a friend who had learned the same business, and she too was alone, although she was not so poor as I. We took rooms together, and managed to live, although it was rather hard sometimes."

Nelly paused with a soft sigh as she came to this point, and the slender hands which had lain so quietly in her lap were now clasped tightly together—very tightly, as Stephen saw.

The "Song of the Shirt," and everything connected with the subject that was hard and pathetic and touching, seemed to be before his eyes and in his ears. But he did not say anything, and she went on to tell him how together they had worked and had thought that they would most likely work to the end of their lives. Then a change had come—a young man, a Frenchman connected with the shop for which their principal work was done, fell in love—not with Nelly, but with her friend. They were married, and now had gone to France to live, and Nelly was alone.

"I suppose it was stupid of me to go down to Dover with them," Nelly said; "but I did so want to see the last of Amy. And they were to stay there a week before they crossed, and her husband offered to pay my expenses if I could spare the time. So I went, and came away yesterday morning after they had left. And I lost part of my money somehow, and I found when it was nearly dark that I was in the wrong train, and that I should have to walk miles across country to get to the right station, and I lost my way." Nelly stopped and shivered. "I don't know what I should have done if you had not found me, Mr. Keene," she concluded; then her bosom heaved, and with her face buried in her hands, she gave way to a fit of passionate sobbing.

* * * * * *

"And so," said Hester Keene, with a glance of curiosity at her brother's face, "you really went home with that girl?"

"Didn't I tell you that I was going to take her home?" Stephen stroked Boodle's head.

"I know; but I thought you were joking. Surely taking her to the station, putting her into the right train, and paying for her ticket, would have been enough."

"I preferred to see that she was quite safe?"

Stephen whistled this time, and patted Boodle's head a little harder.

"You have lost a whole day though, through it."

"Luckily I could afford that without inconvenience!"

There was a pause. Hester stitched very fast on the stocking she was darning. Stephen looked meditatively at the fire. Hester Keene was very angry, but she was also very curious.

"She's very poor, I suppose, Stephen?"

"Poor? How can she be anything else, poor child?"

"Oh, of course I have heard that these sewing-women are half starved, although they work so dreadfully hard! Not that this girl looked as if she had ever worked much. She lives quite alone, I suppose?"

"Of course, now that her friend is married and gone. You heard what she said, did you not?"

"Where did you say it was that she lived, Stephen?"

"I said nothing about it; but it is in a place called Redhill Road, in Holloway.

"And is it a nice, respectable house?" inquired Hester briskly.

"How can I tell? I did not go in. I only walked with her to the top of the street, and then turned back. She would not have liked to take me in—a stranger; it isn't likely. You might understand, I should think, how careful a girl like that, living alone as she does, has to be," replied Stephen with some temper.

"I'm sure I'm glad this Miss Carroll is so careful," said Hester in a curt tone. "But I really don't see why you should be annoyed with me for asking a simple question, Stephen. We are never likely to see this girl again, and I don't know why we need quarrel about her."

"I don't know so much about never seeing her again," her brother retorted; and then he rose and walked out of the room.

Hester looked after him, and the bloom upon her cheeks faded slowly away. Then she dropped her work and rose, muttering to herself aloud, and half dazed by the sudden conviction that had come upon her.

"As sure as I am standing here," she said, almost breathless, "he will marry that girl! I know it—I see it! I am going to leave him, and she has bewitched him. If he goes to Redhill Road once—only once—I shall know how it will end. And I would rather see him dead than see Nelly Carroll his wife—if that is her name. Oh, if I could only find out something—do anything to prevent it!" Hester cried passionately.

She might have done both had she at that moment been able to see Nelly Carroll. She was alone in a neat little sitting-room in one of the tidiest houses in Redhill Road, and, looking around her as she held out her hands to the blaze, was speaking softly to herself.

"He did not say he would come again," she said, pushing the soft cloudy hair off her forehead; "but I could see he will, I feel he will—and how is he likely to guess that I told him a lie, and that I had never seen the inside of this house until to-night before?"

But Hester Keene, in the heart of Woodlandshire, could see and hear nothing of this, as she presently went—angry, doubtful and anxious—to her bedroom; and certainly Stephen, for the third night dreaming of the face of Nelly Carroll, had no room in all his visions for the figure who sat wide-eyed by her dead fire, never stirring until the lagging night was tardy morning.

CHAPTER V.

OCTOBER was gone, the last days of November were passing away in yellow fog and mist, the trees were stripped of their leaves.

Hester Keene's marriage was drawing very near, and she grew more miserable, more angry, bitter, doubtful, and resentful with every passing hour. The last few weeks which the brother and sister spent together under the old roof of Bramble Farm were far from being pleasant ones to either of them.

Stephen knew well the reason of his sister's cold face, her chilly silences and cutting speeches; and Hester, on her side, knew at least the meaning of his abstracted looks and restless ways, of his long reveries, during which he would let his pipe go out as he and old Boodle sat staring into the fire together, both about equally oblivious of her presence upon the other side of the hearth, as she told herself bitterly. And, above all, she knew, although a syllable never passed between them on the subject, what it was that took him always once a week—oftener twice—up to London. He said nothing about these journeys; he attempted no kind of an excuse for them. He went and he came back again, and during each of these absences Hester, in her cold, silent, self-contained way suffered fiercely. She did not need to be told that he went to Redhill Road, Holloway. She knew that day by day, and week by week, he was becoming more hopelessly enslaved by and more completely absorbed in that girl—that seamstress, that Nelly Carroll! Poor Joe Longcroft found his sweetheart very hard indeed to understand and get on with during those last weeks of their courting days.

Hester was right in her angry predictions and surmises. The old, often-repeated, never-ending story, which is capable of so many translations, was for Stephen Keene being rendered into a language impossible to mistake.

The days upon which he did not see Nelly Carroll were to him becoming as mere blank spaces of time to be got through as best he could until he should see her again; every time that he turned his face from Redhill Road, where he always found her busy with those endless photographs or toiling at her wearisome stitching—"getting on pretty well, but rather tired sometimes," she would tell him with a somewhat sad little smile—it became more and more difficult for him to leave her there, working and lonely. He knew so little of women that this girl, with her beautiful face, her lovely brown eyes, and her sweet voice, was to him little less than an angel.

He had seen nobody like her—there could be no one like her in the world! He would have reasoned in that way had he consciously reasoned at all. But Stephen did not reason; an angel had fallen in his way, and he adored her. Further than that he would not willingly go.

He had placed her upon so exalted a pedestal in his fancy, and in own modest estimate of himself was so far below it that he hardly ventured to hope that she could care for him. What he did know was that, if he was never to see her in Bramble Farm as its mistress, the old home would be to him the most dreary, hopeless and empty habitation that the sun ever rose upon.

In the meantime Nelly was glad to see him—always glad. "He was the only visitor she ever had, and it was so kind—so very kind of him to come," she told him, and there would be such a wistful note of regret in her voice, such a pathetic look in her large eyes, and her little hand would cling with such a soft pressure to his big brown fingers when he went away, that it was little wonder that every day and hour deepened and strengthened the passionate infatuation of Stephen Keene.

And so the last day of November came with wind and rain, and there was still this armed neutrality between the brother and sister, which neither of them seemed willing to break. They might have parted so; perhaps Hester might have married and left her old home, and never spoken out the rankling bitterness of her heart, had not the most unlikely person in the world, as it seemed, quite innocently urged her on to it. And that person was Isabel Grantham.

She came walking into the Bramble Farm sitting-room upon that dismal November afternoon, as she had been accustomed to do at erratic intervals, all her self-willed life, and looking very handsome in her velvet and fur. Hester, busy by the window, stitching at some article which had something to do with the coming wedding, could do no less than lay down her work and make her visitor welcome.

She was not pleased, however, at the interruption, and she did not look pleased, as Isabel's gray eyes were quick to note, but the young lady's tongue moved very little less swiftly and gaily for that, and Hester relaxed in spite of herself. With a wedding in prospect—a wedding only a fortnight off, and, moreover, a wedding in which the only *role* worth speaking of was to be enacted by one's self, it was not in woman's nature—not even in Hester's—to remain altogether cold and unmoved. And, the all-absorbing topic leveling for the nonce all social distinction and difference between them, the two girls had a chat over the fire which both of them heartily enjoyed. And, by-and-by, Isabel's tongue, becoming discursive, as it was rather apt to do, left, as it were, the main road of the conversation, and, branching off into a by-way, found there a variation of the principal subject. She commenced to talk about Stephen.

"How dreadfully your brother will miss you, Hester. Hester had been "Hester" to Miss Grantham ever since the days of strawberries and saffron buns, which the young lady had rescued for Stephen's benefit, and she bade fair to remain so, even when she was Hester Keene no longer. "How dreadfully your brother will miss you, Hester!" remarked Isabel. "Doesn't he say so?"

"No," Hester faltered, and then her fine color deepened a little. "No, Stephen doesn't say anything about it, Miss Isabel. He is not the one to talk very much, you know."

"Oh, no," Miss Grantham assented readily; but still he will miss you."

Miss her! Would he miss her? Hester looked round the room, and her eyes darkened. Her glance rested upon the large arm-chair in which her visitor had seated herself; but she did not see Miss Grantham's velvet and fur, her sparkling gray eyes and blooming, brilliant, gipsy cheeks. Instead there nestled within its wide arms a figure, graceful and slender, with a shabby stuff dress falling away from round, white arms and small, soft hands—a figure crowned with a wonderful wealth of flossy, shining brown hair, which fell in a cloudy fringe over the white forehead into a pair of eyes, the expression of which was almost childishly wistful and appealing. It was bitter for Hester to thus think of Nelly Carroll, and her face darkened still more. Stephen miss her! Her place in Bramble Farm would soon be filled—more than filled, he would think—and by that girl! but she only said:

"Yes, he will miss me at first, no doubt, Miss Isabel. A house is but a poor place without a woman to manage it."

"So your brother will find, no doubt;" and Isabel laughed. "I think you must be prepared to see the old adage carried out before long, Hester."

"The old adage, Miss Isabel?" Hester's tone was questioning, but she knew the other's meaning perfectly well.

"Why, they say one wedding makes many, do they not?" Miss Grantham rose, shaking out the folds of her blue-black velvet, which her lounging attitude had crushed a little. "And I fancy that yours will make one more at any rate, Hester. I predict that Bramble Farm will not be without a mistress for long. Do you know, I really think you ought to have provided your brother with a nice little wife before you left him. But perhaps you don't know anybody in Buttermead who is good enough."

"Do you, Miss Isabel?" Hester spoke abruptly, and there was a discordant ring in her clear, even voice. Isabel laughed.

"I? My dear Hester, surely you don't suppose I would presume to choose for your brother—it's hard enough to have to do that for oneself," and for an instant the brilliant face clouded. "He is quite competent to do it for himself, I should imagine. I only wonder that he has not done it before."

"He never has—he never did," said Hester slowly, while to herself she mentally added bitterly, "until now."

"Sir John often jokes him about it," went on Isabel. "He was telling him yesterday that a man who didn't fall in love with such a pretty girl as Anna Winter deserved to die a bachelor. Perhaps he will take the hint. Anna would make a dear little wife. You must tell him to think about it. There, I declare I must be going now—the ponies will catch cold. Good-bye, Hester. I shall come and see you once more before you bid adieu to Bramble Farm. Don't forget to give your brother my advice."

And with that Miss Grantham took her splendid self and her fur and velvet out of the cosy fire-lit parlor, and went out to her pony carriage, which had been waiting for her all the time.

Stephen had just at that moment come up, having old Boodle trotting at his heels as usual, and so he helped the young lady to her seat, receiving a pleasant look and word of thanks for his trouble; and he watched her drive away, "tooling" the spirited ponies out of the old white gates and down the lane in masterly style.

Miss Grantham drove as well as she dressed and rode and danced and talked and skated—as well, in short, as she did everything which chanced to fall in her way. Stephen stood for a moment or two looking thoughtfully after the little carriage, and then Boodle and he went indoors.

Hester stood erect upon the rug, her fingers knotted together, her eyes upon the fire. Stephen sat down upon its other side.

"Had a visitor, I see," he observed, trying to speak easily; but he did not succeed, for there was something indefinable in his sister's face and demeanor which in a flash sent his thoughts to Nelly. "Well, she must say what she has to say and get it over," he thought, with a certain doggedness.

"A visitor?" repeated Hester. "Yes; Miss Isabel. You saw her then?"

"I was just in time to put her into the carriage. What brought her here?" he asked, warming his hands.

"Idleness as much as anything, I think. She told me she was bored to death for somebody to talk to. She has always plenty to say at any rate."

"Rather! I should think she just had! But she was always a rare chatterbox when she was a bit of a baby, wasn't she? What had she to talk about this evening?"

"Principally you," returned his sister.

Stephen looked at her with an amused expression on his face.

"What about me?"

"She said," answered Hester, bringing each word out with an effort, "that you would miss me, and find the house lonely without me."

"Quite right, my dear—so I shall."

"And"—Hester had moved away from the hand which he had laid almost caressingly upon her arm—"that she supposed that before long Bramble Farm would have a new mistress."

"Did she?" Stephen felt the breath of a storm in the air, and, like the good-tempered fellow he was, he shrank from its bursting; but he thought of Nelly, and smiled despite himself as he looked at the fire.

Hester, watching him with jealous eyes, saw both the smile and the red flush that mounted in his sunburnt face. Her anger was roused for once, and she spoke bitterly.

"Why don't you tell me?" she cried. "You must do it sooner or later, I suppose! Why not now?"

Stephen was startled. He rose from his chair slowly, as he looked at his sister. Her eyes met his, and challenged him. The very root of this man's character was straightforwardness and honesty. It never occurred to him for a moment either to equivocate or to pretend he didn't understand, or to attempt to avoid the confession which he knew must be made at once. But he was astonished and taken aback—he had always stood in awe of Hester and Hester's tongue—and for a moment he hesitated. Then he straightened himself and looked frankly at her.

"I didn't know you knew, Hester," he said; "but I should have told you, as soon as there was anything to tell. So far there has been nothing."

"Nothing?" echoed Hester.

"Nothing, but that I love her!" and he flushed again. "You know that, it seems."

Neither of them mentioned Nelly's name. Hester felt herself turning cold; she realized her helplessness.

"And you mean to marry her?" she questioned.

"If she will have me."

"If!"—Hester Keene's voice was very hard and bitter. "You are too modest, Stephen. There is hardly any need to fancy that there will be an 'if' in the case, I think."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely," replied Hester, shrugging her shoulders, "that the chance of being the mistress of a place like Bramble Farm is hardly likely to be allowed to slip by a friendless girl—I suppose she is friendless; but you should know the most about her—who is obliged to get her living by sewing. The fainting fit was a most fortunate circumstance for her, if not for you."

Stephen Keene bit his lip, and the color that dyed his face was that of anger now; but he controlled himself. To bandy words or quarrel with a woman was impossible with him, for he was innately a gentleman, and he had a perfect consciousness that in an encounter such as this would be if he let it commence, his tongue would be no match for his sister's.

But she must understand that he would listen to no words which cast the faintest shade of blame or doubt of any kind upon Nelly. His face hardened with a look of doggedness and determination, such as it did not often wear, and Hester, seeing it, checked herself. He walked the length of the room, then came back to where she stood.

"Hester, I don't think it likely that we shall agree about this."

"Never!" she declared emphatically.

"Well, I can only say that I am sorry for it. I should have been glad for you to be fond of my wife—if ever she is my wife. But if it can't be, it can't." He stopped for a moment, then went on: "I don't think I've been a bad brother to you, Hester; at any rate I know that I haven't meant to be—and I hope you'll remember for the future that anything—anything—said against her is worse to me—a thousand times worse, than anything said against me. I say, I hope you will remember this, for I shouldn't like in the future to have in any way to choose between my wife and my sister. And, see here—you are going to be happy in your way, and I wish you joy; surely you won't do less for me, Hester?"

But Hester could not answer him. Wrath and jealousy combined were almost choking her. She wrenched her shoulder free from the grasp which her brother had gently laid upon it, and hurried out of the room.

Stephen Keene sat and smoked his pipe as he looked at the fire. It was rather a melancholy pipe at first, but its influence grew more cheering presently, and his brown face lightened and softened as he smoked and thought.

He would see Nelly to-morrow, and—well, if he could summon courage he would tell her. He had not meant to tell her yet, but it seemed better that he should do now that the storm which he had been vaguely dreading was over, and Hester knew.

Yes, he would tell Nelly to-morrow, and—who knew?—he might have her there in that very chair, before Christmas came! Sitting there, he fondly recalled every kind word and look which she had ever given to him, and, doing so, felt his eager hope rise stronger and stronger. Hitherto he had nervously shrunk from any contemplation of the day when he must put his fate to the touch; now he longed for it to dawn.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was rather strange perhaps, but it was not until Stephen Keene reached Holloway and was actually in the Redhill Road itself than he began to feel nervous. He had been so entirely occupied with thoughts of Nelly that he had had no time to remember himself.

But when he stopped before the familiar door and laid his hand upon the little iron gate, he became aware that his heart was beating uncomfortably fast, and ruefully realized that confidence at a distance of some seventy miles and confidence close at hand were two very different things.

He looked hesitatingly at the prim, cheerless looking houses, and thought, as he had often done before, what a gloomy cage it was for his darling. His thoughts went back to his home with a feeling of exultation—the contrast just then between Bramble Farm and Redhill Road was a pleasant one to Stephen Keene.

He glanced at the window of the little sitting-room, behind the faded drab curtains of which Nelly's small shining head was mostly visible as it bent over her photographs or the endless, wearisome stitching, but there was no sign of her today. Stephen opened the iron gate and knocked at the door.

The landlady of the house—a small, pale, depressed-looking widow—had opened the door to this visitor so often of late that her lips relaxed into an involuntary smile at the sight of his bronzed face; but she did not, as usual, stand aside for him to enter the narrow passage. Instead of so doing, she said—

"Miss Carroll is out, sir."

"Out?" Stephen had not expected this, and he was not glad of it, but he was certainly relieved that he should not have to face Nelly directly. Then he asked: "Do you know where she has gone?"

The woman did know, and told him. Miss Carroll had been very busy this week, she explained, painting Christmas-cards for a big shop at the other end of the Upper Street, Islington, and had been working early and late to get the order finished in time—"hadn't hardly put down her brush to so much as get her meals," she added parenthetically; and now she had just rushed off to take the parcel home. Could she tell Mr. Keene the number of the shop? To be sure she could, and did; and then, watching the tall, broad-shouldered gentleman as he strode down the street, she heaved a half-wistful, half-envious sigh, thinking what a very lucky girl her young lodger was. The widow had quite made up her mind what would be the end of Mr. Keene's visits to Miss Carroll, and had, with womanly astuteness, even divined that this was an especial visit.

The omnibus soon put Stephen down outside the door of the shop he sought, and there was nothing to do but to wait for Nelly's appearance. That she was there he knew, for he caught a glimpse of her slender figure, in its old gray waterproof and shabby black hat, standing at the further end of the long, glittering shop, in earnest conversation with a man behind the counter. Stephen put his hands into his pockets, and strolled up and down to wait for her.

She came out at last, walking wearily, and paused for a moment to look into the great window, pretty in its fantastic Christmas display. Stephen was crossing the wide pavement to join her when he was checked by two men suddenly coming in his way from a large restaurant, all plate-glass and gilding, which stood next to the fancy shop. They were a young man and an old one, but beyond that he would not have noticed them had not the elder, with a sudden jerk at his companion's arm, come to a halt, staring at Nelly. He was a fine-looking man, tall and stout, and upright as a dart in spite of at least a good sixty years, for his hair and mustache were far more white than gray. He had a handsome, high-bred face, the expression of which was at once simple and kindly. His stare at Nelly was not an insolent one, neither did it seem as though he wished to attract her attention. His look was merely puzzled and wondering.

"Chalfont"—he attracted his companion's attention by the jerk before mentioned—"look at that girl! Where on earth have I seen her before—eh?"

"Girl?" echoed the younger man, looking about him.

"That one by the window—don't you see? I know her. Don't you?"

"No." The speaker followed the movement of the other's wrinkled, white hand. "I don't think so, my lord—I don't remember her. She is pretty enough, too."

"Pretty enough to remember, eh?"—and his lordship laughed. "So she is! Uncommonly pretty face and uncommonly pretty figure—what one can see of it. And I don't forget a pretty face in a hurry. Confound it, who is the girl?"

Stephen waited to hear no more, for Nelly just then began to move away, and he hurried across the pavement to join her, while at the same moment the younger man hailed a passing cab, and the two got in. They rolled away while Nelly's fluttering hand was still in Stephen's strong clasp.

"Mr. Keene—you?" she exclaimed, and blushed and fluttered more than ever.

Nelly had been wondering all through that long week, while she toiled over the delicate, intricate coloring of those Christmas cards, whether she would see him on that day—wondering with a wistful, fond eagerness—longing, as only a woman loving and lonely can long, for the sound of his kind voice, and the clasp of his strong hand round hers. Now, seeing him beside her so unexpectedly, the girl could hardly control herself. Had Stephen's eyes been but a little sharper he would have read in her face, as she raised it to his, what he might often have read there before—a love for him every whit as true and passionate as was his for her. Nelly's blushes, her eager look of welcome and joy, the shy drooping of her eyes, and the trembling of her hand as held it, told her secret in language plain enough. But his masculine stupidity failed to read it. He saw only that she was pleased to see him, and not vexed at his being there, and that, for the time, satisfied him.

"Did you come to meet me?" she asked.

"Yes. Mrs. King told me where you were gone."

"I see. I thought nothing else would bring you here;" and she blushed again at having thus spoken out her thought. "Did she tell you how fortunate I have been?"

"Fortunate?" he cried. They were walking on slowly now, Nelly's hand upon his arm, and he carrying a parcel which he had taken from her. "No, she did not tell me that; but she did say that you have been working harder than usual."

"Oh, I dare say, you will not think it is worth speaking of," she said in quick depreciation; "but it means a great deal to me!" And then she went on to tell him how she had received great praise from the master of the Upper Street firm for the execution of the order which she had just taken home, and how he had promised her plenty of work for the next month. "And they pay well, too," Nelly concluded; "and I am sure of plenty of work until the new year has turned, at any rate. If I work very hard and sit to it well, I shall make as much as thirty shillings a week. Think of that! And I like it better than sewing, because it doesn't tire me so much."

The Holloway omnibus just then passed them, and the necessity of stopping it gave Stephen an excuse not to reply. Thirty shillings a week "if she worked very hard"! And she was delighted with it, and exulting over it—she whom it was his dearest wish to love, and cherish, and protect! The bare idea of her thus laboring very effectually drove away his nervousness. He might blunder it out stupidly and make her laugh, or roughly and scare her, but he would tell her to-night of his love, let what would come of it, he decided resolutely. Thirty shillings for six days' lonely labor from dawn till dark! Thirty shillings for aching limbs, smarting eyes, cramped fingers and throbbing head! He was very soft-hearted, and really could not bear to think of it any longer.

He had not spoken six more words when they reached Redhill Road, and entered Nelly's little parlor. There was a fire burning in the grate, and the girl took off her coat and hat, and, kneeling down before the lender, stirred the fire into a blaze and held her hands over it.

"These little bits of London grates are not like yours at Bramble Farm, are they?" she said.

He did not answer, and the girl, glancing up at him, rose from her knees involuntarily, and stood trembling before him. She stretched out her hands with an appealing gesture.

"Don't!" she said, faltering, begging a respite, it seemed, from she hardly knew what; but he had read her upraised face at last, and, seeing in it all and more than he had never hoped to read there, said no word beyond his first fond whisper of her name as he drew her into his arms, and held her there, unresisting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROGRAMME.—An interesting case of circumstantial evidence arose in the detection of a murder in Boston several years ago. The crime had been committed in the most mysterious manner. No clue existed. All the resources of the police were baffled. About the time the murder was committed, however, a man was arrested for being drunk. He was locked up in the usual manner; and in the ordinary routine his clothes were searched. Nothing but half a theatre programme was found on his person. In the meantime the doctor upon making an autopsy found some wadding in the wound. It proved to be a piece of a theatre programme. The two pieces were matched; they fitted, and a conviction was the result.

IT is believed by many that if a child cries at its birth and lifts up only one hand, it is born to command.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE CABBAGE-STALK.—Amongst the absurd divination customs of our ancestors, there was one which consisted of going outside the house and pulling up the first cabbage-stalk met with, in order to determine the size and quality of the marriage partner. If earth stick to the root it meant fortune, and the taste of the heart or stem was indicative of the future partner's temper—bitter being bad, and sweet good.

FLY-LOO.—An English paper thus describes how "fly-loo" is played: The wager is first of all arranged (it may be anything from a penny upwards per player). Each player then puts a piece of lump-sugar on a table before him "in the open air," and all patiently wait for a fly to settle on the sugar of one player. This lucky being would claim a fine (of the arranged amount) from each of the players. If two flies settle on two lumps at the same time the fines are divided.

THE CHINESE WALL.—An engineer, who has made the subject a special study on the spot, has calculated that the Chinese wall has a contents of 18,000,000 cubic metres (6,350,000,000 cubic feet). The cubic contents of the Great Pyramid is only 241,200 metres. The material used in the construction of the Chinese wall would be sufficient to build a wall around the globe 1.8 metres (six feet) high, and 6 metres (two feet) thick. The same authority estimates the cost of the Chinese wall to be equal to the railway mileage of the United State (128,000 miles). The stupendous work was constructed in the comparatively short period of twenty years.

THE HORN OF PLENTY.—A miscellaneous author of antiquity, who wished to convey the idea of great exuberance and inexhaustible variety, denominated his work by a Greek term, meaning "Horn of Amalthea," which will be more generally understood by rendering it "The Cornucopia." The pretty fable of Jupiter's rewarding Amalthea the nurse who fed him with goat's milk in his infancy, by giving her a horn of the goat, from which she should be able to take whatever she wanted, gave rise to this title, and to the idea of the Cornucopia, which is now so familiar.

THE STOGIE.—The "stogie" is derived from the old Conestoga wagons, which used to be so numerous on the old national pike. The drivers of these wagons were in the habit of buying cheap, strong cigars, and being heavy smokers kept asking for a cheaper cigar than was then made. Over at Washington, this State, a cigarmaker, in answer to this demand for cheaper cigars, evolved a long, slender roll of tobacco, which he offered to the drivers at the rate of four for a cent. The new cigar became popular among the mail drivers and freighters, and was called the Conestoga cigar, abbreviated afterwards to "stoga," and later to "stogie."

BOXING THE EARS.—Nearly all blows upon the side of the head may injure the ear. The custom of ear-boxing is of long standing; thus, according to ancient writers, the classical boxer regarded the ear as the most vulnerable part for the infliction of a blow with the deadly cestus. But, later on, early Christianity aimed a blow against this pagan custom, and with unflinching fortitude the non-combatant, when smitten upon one cheek, meekly presented the other to the still persistent advocate of corporal punishment. And it is due to this kindly example that custom no longer sanctions the practice, though the principal upon which it was founded may have been almost forgotten.

THE KINDLY WASP.—Though wasps are not popular favorites they seem to behave well towards one another. A prominent investigator tells us that he was engaged in fighting with a swarm of wasps which were attacking a plum-tree. He hit one of them without killing it, and saw it fall into a big spider's web. To his surprise a comrade wasp flew down to its rescue. Poising itself close to the web, it worked its wings to and fro so quickly that they were almost invisible. It had a hard task to do, for it had both to take care of itself, and, by striking at the web threads, to try and set its chum free. In this it succeeded, but the poor prisoner fell to the ground only to die. He was so struck with this display of kindness that he ceased from his warfare with the rest, and left the tree to its fate.

ADVICE for a workingman who thinks of joining the Anti-Poverty Society. Marry an economical girl, and have a nice little Anti-Poverty Society of your own, with your wife for president and treasurer.

ON HOPE'S SHORE.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

I stand on Hope's fair shore
And gaze across the sea;
I watch and wait to see
My ship come back to me.

I stand on Hope's fair shore;
I pace her glittering sands,
And try, with tireless, busy hands,
To sunder Fate's remorseless bands.

The days go by apace;
My heart grows sometimes sore,
As waves of doubt, in sullen roar,
Assail the rocks on Hope's fair shore.

Still stand I here to wait,—
And must I wait in vain?
Se'er see my noble ship again
Come back to me across th' main?

Thy will, dear Lord, be done:
I shall not Thee gainsay;
But Thou wilt help me pray
For what I hope—a brighter day.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

NINETEENTH NOVEMBER. Robert to-day confirms what I myself have noticed for some day, and what until now I tried to believe existed solely in my imagination; the very strong feeling against that poor lonely girl at the Glen House all through the district. The conviction of her guilt seems unanimous, and people are very bitter against her. I do what I can to mitigate this bitterness by asserting everywhere my belief in her entire innocence, but I feel that I do but little, and that people think I am influenced by her youth and beauty; the fact that a small bottle which has evidently contained prussic acid having been found in the pocket of the gown she had been wearing on the morning of her husband's death, seems to almost all conclusive evidence of her guilt. But when she is able to give an account of how that bottle came there, things may have a different aspect. It is hardly likely that were she guilty she would have kept about her such an evidence of her guilt, and her trial will prove this, of course. For she is getting better, the delirium is over, she is weak as a child, and passes most of her days in semi-stupor or sleep, but she will be able to stand her trial at the December assizes, I think, and it will be incomparably better to have it over then than to have to wait until the spring. I think she does not at all understand her position now, and I dread the task, which must necessarily be mine, of awakening her to it.

"22nd November. I think I have discovered the instigator of the bitter feeling against Cecil Beaumont in the person of Hester Brand. Cleverly as she and those in her employ go to work, I know I can trace her hand in it. She is taking her revenge, I suppose, upon the woman who was so unhappy as to win the love of the man she, Hester, loved; a cruel revenge, possible only to an intensely cruel nature. Surely if she had any womanly pity in her, she would feel some sorrow for this poor young creature, whose whole life is wrecked. Even her grief at her master's death, deep and passionate and sincere as it is undoubtedly, seems not to have softened her in the least. She shuns me carefully, but I have met her once or twice when at the Glen House. She is greatly changed in appearance, being very thin, and the pure white tint which made her complexion so exquisite has taken a dull yellowish tinge; still she is wonderfully handsome, and, surely, rarely has one roof sheltered two such beautiful women in so utterly different styles as Hester Brand and Cecil Beaumont.

"No friend has come to Mrs. Beaumont in her trouble, and she has been unable to give us the address of her sister in India, who seems her only relative. Perhaps on my next visit I shall endeavor to procure it, as she is so sorely in need of a friend—the poor lonely girl in whose guilt nothing will induce me to believe.

"25th November. To-day I was obliged to tell Mrs. Beaumont the facts of her position. She is well enough to understand it in some degree, and I feared to delay it lest, when she should be well enough to be removed to Ashe, the shock would be too much for her. The thought of doing so was such a painful one, and I shrank from my task with such keen reluctance, that I accepted with true pleasure Lucy's offer to accompany me. I was glad to have a gentle, kindly woman with me, for although the nurses are kind and skilful, I cannot help seeing that they shrink somewhat from their patient.

"She had been lifted from her bed to the sofa in her dressing room, and was lying back upon the pillows with her eyes closed when we entered. I felt Lucy's hand tighten on my arm as her eyes rested upon her, and they filled with tears of pity and compassion. She could hardly speak when Mrs. Beaumont smiled faintly in greeting, and put out her little hand, speaking a few words of gratitude to her for coming. She kept Lucy's hand in hers then, and made her sit down beside her; and by-and-by, I never shall know in what words, we told her what we had come to tell. I thought it would have killed her. A terrible fit of trembling seized her; she was cold as marble, and we could not restore the warmth to her limbs; her eyes—dry and tearless, wide and fixed—stared vacantly at us. I was becoming greatly alarmed, when Lucy's sweet, womanly tenderness and pity did what my medical skill failed to do. My wife knelt down by the sofa and took the shuddering, trembling figure into her arms, and whispered words of such tender comfort and pity that they made tears come in merciful profuseness. That saved her. When the tears ceased, although she was greatly exhausted, she was calmer and able to talk to us. We tried to cheer her as well as we could, assuring her that her innocence would be proved, perhaps even before the trial came; but though she thanked us both in words which made my eyes dim, I saw that the dagger had entered into her soul.

"3rd December. They took her away to-day; I cannot write or speak of it calmly. They were not unkind or harsh, and they let me go with her to Ashe. She was very calm, but it seemed to me that her calmness was the stupor of despair. I think her heart is broken.

"Lucy is anything but well to-day; what I hoped was only a feverish cold, from which she has been suffering for some days, has developed serious symptoms, and I am very anxious about her. Bob went home yesterday, having had but a shabby holiday, poor lad, but quite satisfied to know that he had been of such comfort and assistance to me. The Glen House is closed. Miss Brand, I hear, has gone to Ashe, where she will remain until after the trial, which takes place, I believe, on the tenth.

"6th December. Lucy continues seriously ill, and my anxiety increases daily. I hear from Picton, the prison surgeon at Ashe, that Mrs. Beaumont is very calm, scarcely speaks, and seems stunned by her position. Mr. Bevan has promised the highest legal assistance, and the case is exciting the greatest interest in the town. The feeling against the poor girl is stronger than ever, thanks to Miss Brand's residence at Ashe, I suppose. Jealousy is, indeed, cruel as the grave.

"10th December. Lucy was somewhat better this morning, so I left her to go to Ashe with a less anxious mind. To-night she is very feverish and ill, her distress at poor Mrs. Beaumont's sad position has caused a return of some of the old alarming symptoms.

"The trial is over; it has ended, thanks to the legal luminaries on our side, in an acquittal, but an acquittal which is almost worse, almost more cruel than a verdict of guilty would have been. And that it is virtually a verdict of guilty is proved by the cruelty shown to this hapless woman, to whom Fate seems to bear a grudge, when the trial was over. Fortunately she herself was unconscious of it, as she was, I believe, of all the proceedings of to-day.

"The court was crowded, the day was clear and sunshiny, which induced all who could to attend. Of course it would not need very many to fill so limited a space, and many were turned away. The audience was a very orderly one, and seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion; there was no unseemly jesting, no smiling faces; all present looked grave and interested, and some even a little pitiful when the poor child in her black gown was placed in the dock. They allowed her a seat, of course, and a kindly-looking female warder was by her side. She looked at her with such pity, and once or twice adjusted her furs with such a kindly manner, that I saw at once that she was fascinated Mrs. Beaumont's gentleness, and touched by her position.

"There was quite a number of great legal lights on both sides—the leading men at the criminal bar had been engaged, as Mr. Bevan assured me; he looked anxious and ill at ease; the barristers themselves looked about them indifferently, consulted their briefs, chatted in undertones, and when Mrs. Beaumont—I cannot write of her as the prisoner—was brought in they all looked at her with keenest interest, and as they looked, mingled pity, compassion, and admiration was on every face.

"She was, of course, all in black and wrapped to the chin in dark soft furs, against which her thin white face gleamed like marble. After a while she removed her bonnet, as if the weight of it was irksome to her, and a stray gleam of wintry sunshine crept in and touched her golden hair gently; she seemed quite indifferent to her surroundings, but two or three times she looked up at the barristers in their wigs and gowns with a long, close, puzzled gaze. I wondered if she heard anything that passed. Even when—the counsel for the crown having ceased to speak, and I had given evidence as to the cause of death—Miss Brand entered the witness-box as first witness for the prosecution, she did not look at her, or show in any way that she was conscious of the presence of this woman who hated her so bitterly and who was most certainly not her friend."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MISS BRAND'S entrance caused a very audible murmur in court. Even the judge looked at her keenly, as if struck by her appearance. It was not her beauty which made her remarkable now; that had greatly faded with the purity of her coloring. Handsome she would always be, with such chiselled features and stately proportions; but what I think impressed those present most to-day was the stern, fixed immobility of her face, which never changed, and the steady, hard look in her blue eyes. She answered the questions put to her in a calm, clear, metallic voice, which must have been distinctly audible to all in the profound stillness of the court; her answers were short but to the purpose, and I am sure the examining counsel congratulated himself on having such a witness. Yet I could feel in every quiet word how deep was the hatred she had towards Mrs. Beaumont, and I fancy the barrister felt it too.

"Her evidence told a sad story of domestic unhappiness, of Mrs. Beaumont's passionate resentment against her husband's project of living in Wales, of the constant quarrels between them, of the wish, expressed in her presence by the prisoner, that her husband were dead, of an attempt to escape from the Glen House on the prisoner's part, which she, Miss Brand, had frustrated; of the finding by her of a small phial in the pocket of the dress Mrs. Beaumont had worn on the morning of her husband's death—a phial smelling strongly of almonds.

"Questioned by the prisoner's counsel as to her own intercourse with Mr. Beaumont, she answered that they had been on the best of terms, that her absence from the breakfast table was due to a wish on his part to speak to his wife alone; that he had often spoken to her, Hester Brand, about his wife's behavior; that he was of a jealous nature, accustomed to being deferred to; that he would have been good to his wife had she in any way encouraged his kindness; that to her, Hester, he had been a kind, generous friend, almost as her brother.

"She made a most favorable impression on the judge and counsel, but that the strain upon her had been great I discovered very soon. A minute or two after she had left the witness-box, and before the first questions were put to Horrocks, who was the next witness called, I was summoned to her assistance, and found her in one of the smaller rooms, lying back in a chair, in a dead faint, from which I had some difficulty in recovering her. When she came to herself, although feeble to prostration, she refused to be taken to the hotel where she was staying, and insisted on being taken back to the court, where she sat, her eyes, with a vindictive light in them, keenly watchful of everything that passed.

"Her swoon caused me to miss the greater part of Horrocks' evidence; when I returned to the court it was almost ended, and the poor, faithful fellow was nearly overcome by the pain of the admissions he had been forced to make by the skilful cross-examination to which he had been subjected. He could not fail to know that the words uttered by the dying man, 'She has done for me,' told terribly against his mistress, and the 'Kiss me, Cecil,' which followed might easily be considered as an expression of forgiveness, which his infatuated love for his young wife induced Henry Beaumont to accord in death.

"Other servants were called then, but the evidence of one and all was practically the same; of great discord between the husband and wife; and although Mrs. Beaumont's maid said that on the night previous to the death they had seemed on excellent terms, and on the next morning her mistress had appeared in better spirits than usual, I could see that the effect of these assertions was but slight.

"One thing, however, it seemed impossible to clear; how the poison had been administered; the tea which Mr. Beaumont always drank at breakfast was untouched; the cup placed for Mrs. Beaumont had contained coffee which was her usual beverage, and the contents of the coffee-pot had been found on analysis to be free from the smallest trace of the poison.

"It was only too evident that the case for the prosecution was but a weak one; there was no real proof against the poor young widow, save the little phial which Hester Brand asserted that she had found in the pocket of her dress, and perhaps Miss Brand's evident enmity against Mrs. Beaumont prevented that statement from having its full weight, more especially as Mrs. Beaumont's maid, who had free access to all her belongings, had never seen such a phial among them. Of course, the fact of the discord between husband and wife remained, and the prisoner's wild desire to be free from the bonds which held her; and besides these, there was the fact that she inherited a large fortune from her husband, of which she was sole mistress. These were the motives for the deed of which she was accused; but I think that the sight of the frail, childish-looking girl, in her black garments, made these motives seem inadequate.

"As soon as the counsel for the defence began to speak, I felt hopeful. He did not speak at great length, but every eloquent word told with the jury. It was yet early in the afternoon when the judge summed up. The lamps in the court had been lighted; they gave but a feeble illumination, and from a strange, rather weird scene, the jury retired to consider their verdict. When they returned, and Mrs. Beaumont was brought back to the dock, I was struck, even in the excitement of the moment, by the inertness of her movements and the expressionless pallor of her face. It never changed, even when the foreman said that although there was suspicion, there was no evidence against the prisoner, and the judge pronounced a formal acquittal. As he ended, a loud cry rang through the building. Every eye turned in the direction from whence it proceeded, and—I saw that Hester Brand had risen, and stood stretching out her trembling arms with a wild, threatening gesture, while her face contracted with a strange convulsion. The next minute she had fallen backwards, and was carried out of court, writhing in violent hysteria.

"When Cecil Beaumont was taken once more into the fresh air, a free woman, Mr. Bevan and myself were awaiting her. She did not seem to recognize us; she said nothing, only when the cold, keen wind met her as we left the court, she shivered, stood still, looked around her wildly, and fell forward in a dead faint. I have scarcely patience to write what follows: We took her to the hotel, they refused us admittance, civilly certainly, and with the excuse that they were quite full and had no more accommodation, but to me the motive was unmistakable. How I wished then to be nearer home, or that the poor creature had been in a condition to bear the short journey to Llanarvon. But in her great weakness and prostration I dared not attempt that. Lodgings of any kind are difficult to get at Ashe; of a suitable kind, for my purpose, there are none, and after a little hasty consideration we took her, still unconscious, poor child, to the hospital, where, to my joy and relief, I found a private room vacant. When I left her late in the evening to return to Lucy, she had not recognised me, she had opened her eyes for a moment, sinking almost immediately into a state of semi-swoon and stupor, which shows what a terrible state of weakness and prostration she is in. I fear she will never be a strong woman again: her heart is so much weakened by the emotions, and agitation, and excitement of the last few months, that it seems as if her life at longest will be but short.

"18th December. The serious illness and danger of my dear Lucy have prevented my seeing Mrs. Beaumont since the day of her trial until to-day, when, Lucy being better and, thank Heaven, out of all peril, my first absence from her side was to go to Ashe to see my poor patient, of whom I had thought some times even in my intense anxiety a distress at my wife's suffering and danger. I had heard of her, however, from the house surgeon, that she was a little better but still very ill. She knows no one, poor child, yet. She seems to lie in the same state of semi-stupor, indifferent to everything, and it is with the greatest difficulty that she is induced to take food. Mr. Bevan has returned to London, he will come down again shortly; her maid is with her.

"Christmas Day. Our Christmas joy, already deeper for our gratitude for Lucy's recovery, is increased by the tidings sent to-day by Doctor Platt. Mrs. Beaumont's sister has arrived: she reached England yesterday from India, and was greeted by the terrible news of Mr. Beaumont's death, and her sister's position. What a sad home-coming for her. She has, too, recently lost her husband, but what a blessing her presence must be to that poor child.

"30th December. Mrs. Geith has taken her sister away from Ashe. Weak and ill as she is, yet we thought it best. Entire change of scene and complete absence from all her old associations may do her good. Mrs. Geith has written me in the kindest, warmest terms; she appreciates, far more than it can possibly deserve, my attention to her sister, and this morning I saw them off. Mrs. Geith is a good many years older than her sister and almost as beautiful. The latter recognised me, and as she put her hand in mine, she gave me a little smile sadder than tears and whispered, 'Thank your wife for me.' Her sister told me that her recollection has partially returned, but that it is far from distinct or clear yet. My heart ached for them both as the train left the station, and it is fortunate that their means are ample, for Mrs. Geith it seems is very wealthy. Mr. Bevan went with them. In his reserved manner he has been very kind to them, but he seems to shrink a little from Mrs. Beaumont sometimes, almost as if he thought her guilty."

Doctor Price's diary, so far as concerned Cecil, ended here; but Sir Hugh sat with it open before him for a long period of silent thought, not looking at it, however, but at the fair blue sky which was visible through the open window.

More than once during his perusal of the sad and simple record of the sufferings of the woman he so deeply loved, he had been obliged to pause to dash away the tears which would come, as he read of her misery and anguish; but now, as he ended the perusal, he was quite calm again.

There was a light in his eyes now which was strange there, a firm sternness about the lines of the mouth, and two little lines between his eyebrows, which were apt to come there in times of great anger and determination. They were there still when presently he rose, and was just about to leave the library in search of his host, when the door opened and Doctor Price came in.

"I am not disturbing you, I hope?" he said apologetically. "I fancied you might have finished your reading by this time, and that you would be glad of a talk over it."

"I am glad," Sir Hugh said earnestly; "glad to be able to thank you most cordially, most sincerely, and with all my heart for your goodness to my poor Cecil. Terrible as her position was, how much more terrible would it not have been if she had not found so true and steadfast a friend as you proved yourself."

His voice shook slightly as he spoke, but his hand grasped the doctor's with a cordial pressure, and his eyes were full of gratitude.

"It was nothing," Doctor Price replied hurriedly; pray say no more about it. It was merely my plainest duty, and, as I told you, her recognition of it was far too generous. I have a couple of hours to spare now," he continued hurriedly, as if to silence Sir Hugh's gratitude; "they are at your service if I can be of any use to you."

"You want to overwhelm me by your

goodness," the young man said, sadly smiling. "Yes, I shall be glad to talk to you about what I have read here. Tell me," he added eagerly, looking at the doctor with a soul-searching gaze, "have you formed any opinion? You express none here, you merely state facts; yet I cannot help thinking that in your heart, believing as you do in Cecil's innocence, you have attributed the guilt to another. Is that so?"

Doctor Price looked at him very keenly, then he put his hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Sit down, Sir Hugh," he said. "We must talk this over quietly, dispassionately, if at all. You are right in saying that I expressed no opinion in my diary; that I have merely stated facts. We—you and I—have seen misery enough come from a false suspicion; let us not inflict that misery on any person without due consideration and due search into all the details, however small and trifling these may seem."

"But you have formed an opinion," Sir Hugh said eagerly; "I see it in your face now. And your opinion coincides with my own," he went on hastily. "This woman, Hester Brand, who hated Cecil with so deep and cruel a hatred, she is the guilty one. It was she who killed Henry Beaumont!"

"Hush!" the surgeon said, almost sternly. "Be silent until we have considered the matter more carefully. Sit down and wait until you are calmer. The sufferings of one poor soul falsely accused ought to prevent us judging another hastily."

"You are right," Sir Hugh answered slowly, as he threw himself into a chair, and, crossing his arms upon the table, hid his face upon them.

There was a long silence; the doctor sat grave and motionless at one side of the writing-table; Sir Hugh, with his fair head bowed upon his arms, was opposite to him; between them lay the brass-bound book which contained all that Sir Hugh knew of the death at the Glen House, except what Cecil herself had told him on that day when all the sunshine of his life was darkened by so terrible a cloud.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At last Sir Hugh raised his head and turned his face, pale, but calm and grave now, towards his host. Doctor Price, looking at him with keen scrutiny, saw that, pale and haggard as he was, there was a hopeful look in his eyes which had not been there before, and when he spoke his voice had lost its despairing intonation.

"I can think and speak calmly now," he said, with a faint, sorrowful smile. "I will offend you by no more rash assertions, I will make none. Let us talk the matter over as quietly as we can. I will try even to forget that the woman who has suffered for a crime of which she is innocent is the woman whom I love."

"You will hardly be able to do that, I think," Doctor Price said, smiling a little. "But our sorrow—and mine is sincere—for that poor child's suffering must not make us unjust. The case is wrapped in such complete mystery that——"

"Does the mystery seem so complete to you?" Sir Hugh said gravely. "I think I can see daylight, however."

"How? There was not, during the trial, the slightest light thrown upon the manner in which the poison has been administered," said Doctor Price dubiously.

"If Cecil had been herself, she could have thrown all the light that was necessary," Sir Hugh answered almost tremulously. "Had she been in a condition to give instructions for her defence, she would have been spared all the wretchedness that followed, I think. Let me tell you, Doctor Price," he added, leaning forward earnestly, "what the poor girl told me the day before I lost her. Until then it had never passed her lips."

He was silent for a moment, then he went on in a low, calm voice.

"You know more, perhaps, of her unhappy life than I myself do," he said earnestly. "She did not dwell on it much, poor soul; yet, reading between the lines of her story, I guessed a great deal that she did not tell me. Her husband did not understand her; he did not try to understand her, I think; because, if he had done so, he would not have treated her so harshly. Perhaps, too, he might not have done so but that he had always at his elbow one who misconstrued Cecil's every action, and who hated her with a hatred as bitter and cruel as the grave, I mean Hester Brand.

"Hearing the story from Cecil's lips," he went on, "I was at some loss to understand the motive of that hatred. Your diary has supplied the missing clue; her love for Mr. Beaumont naturally, in such a nature as hers, induced intense hatred of the woman he had chosen for his wife, and from the very minute of Cecil's return home she set herself to make her misery. It was not difficult. Cecil was so young and inexperienced, and, no doubt, dazzled by the novelty and brilliance of her position, and the admiration her beauty attracted. Hester Brand played upon Mr. Beaumont's weakness; he was jealous. You, yourself, Doctor Price, have recorded here that his servant, his old and valued servant, calls him so, and he was considerably his wife's senior. Thanks to his dead mother's adopted daughter, a woman surely who ought to have been loyal, his jealousy was roused almost to madness. His wife's most trifling action was misconstrued; her life was rendered miserable, and she herself, reckless. He brought her here, removing her from any acquaintances she might have, giving Miss Brand authority over his household, and treating his hapless wife with unceasing severity. Can you wonder that she was unhappy?" the young man broke out passionately, rising and pacing the room in his agitation and anger. "She was not only lonely, but she had the sense she was watched with the utmost vigilance, by the unkind and jealous eyes of the woman who had acquired so baleful an influence over her husband; even the maid she had liked was dismissed; she was utterly alone and friendless in her husband's house. Nay, worse than friendless, since she was surrounded by enemies. Is it any wonder that her brain almost gave way?"

"It is a pitiful story," murmured the doctor, as he sat resting his head on his hand and his elbow on the table.

"So pitiful that had she been driven to the desperate deed of which she was accused, who could have wondered?" Sir Hugh said sternly. "There were times when she felt her brain reel, when the solitude about her seemed peopled with mocking faces and jeering voices. Her mind was going, poor child! She must have been sickening, even then, for the fever from which your care and skill saved her."

He was silent for a moment, and then continued, his voice low and deep and husky now—

"One night temptation came to her, temptation which must surely have been strong, when such misery was her daily portion. She had been taking chloral to induce sleep, and on this night it seemed as if it would be so easy to make the dose large enough to end all her unhappiness. Life was an unbearable anguish, surely she might take it without great sin, she thought. She went up to her room with this purpose in her heart; she was pouring out the draught when her husband entered the room and guessed her intention, and from it guessed also the depth of anguish she had endured. It startled and shocked him, strong man as he was, and he struck the phial from her hand. Cecil fainted, and when she came to herself he was kneeling at her feet, asking her forgiveness with tears, which showed how deeply he grieved for the harsh treatment to which he had subjected her."

Again Sir Hugh paused, his lips quivering a little, his face very pale. Doctor Price could guess what it cost him to tell the tale of Cecil's wrongs.

"When both were calmer," he went on presently, "they talked long and earnestly, and although he did not accuse Hester Brand, yet his wife could see that she had been the instigator of much of the cruelty she had met with. Cecil knew and felt that he was grieved, that such humility and penitence as he showed, must have been bitter to so proud a man. All that night he watched by her while she slept, and she awoke grateful, poor child, for the tardy kindness he had shown. In the morning when she entered the dining room he was alone. Miss Brand was not there when he came to meet his wife with tender words of greeting. 'Hester will not breakfast with us to-day!' he said to her. 'I think we must find another home for her, Cecil!' when she repeated these words to me, Doctor Price," Sir Hugh added huskily, "she told me, poor child, that her heart leaped for joy,' that it seemed as if she were delivered from some terrible weight."

"Poor child!" Doctor Price repeated slowly.

Sir Hugh continued—"They sat down to breakfast together, and the husband, in the happiness of the reconciliation, laughingly objected to having the table between them, he brought his chair to her side and—"

The young man paused, drew a long breath, then went on in a low, stern tone which showed Doctor Price how great a restraint he was putting on himself.

"You heard at the trial that while Mr. Beaumont took tea at breakfast, his wife always drank coffee; this morning in the gladness of his heart at the new state of things; with a boyish laugh at his own folly, he insisted on drinking the coffee which had been poured out for his wife, bringing her the empty cup which had been placed on his own tray. He drank the coffee at a draught, and as he put down the cup, he said laughingly, 'I don't like your *café-au-lait*, Cecil; it is nasty stuff.' The next minute his face changed, and,—you know the rest."

"Then——" began Doctor Price, his face as colorless as Sir Hugh's own. He sat staring at the young man with eyes which were darkened with horror, while the words he was about to utter, died away on his lips. "How horrible!" he ejaculated at last, with a gesture of repugnance. "How horrible!"

There was a pause; the fair August sunshine pouring in at the open window, fell unheeded on both pallid faces as the two men sat looking at each other in a silence more eloquent than any speech could have been, more pregnant with meaning than any torrent of words.

It was broken by the doctor, who rose with an exclamation of pain, and going over to the window leaned out to breathe the fresh, pure air; it seemed to him at that moment that the air of his little library was tainted by the horrible suspicion which had been aroused, as if some foul thing had entered it, contaminating all it touched.

Sir Hugh saw the effect of his words, and waited for it to pass. He saw that the undefined suspicion which had lurked in the doctor's mind from the first, had suddenly assumed shape and form, and that the thought was horrible to him also. But horrible as it was, it yet showed that Cecil might be cleared, and that if she herself was beyond such clearance, the stain left upon her name should be removed.

Presently Doctor Price turned from the window and resumed his seat; his face regained some of its usual color, but he looked very grave still. Sir Hugh looked at him keenly.

"Well," he asked, "what is your opinion now, doctor?"

"That it was a most cruel misfortune that Mrs. Beaumont was not able to tell her lawyers what you have told me," was the sorrowful answer.

"When she told me, it was the first time it had crossed her lips," Sir Hugh said sadly. "She was stunned, dazed, as you know, at the time; besides, the truth never struck her,—how could it, poor girl?—it was such a trivial circumstance that when she repeated it to me, she attached no significance to it, only it pleased her, she said, to remember how truly they were reconciled. That he guessed the truth," Sir Hugh continued huskily, "he showed in those last sad words of his, 'She has done for me!'"

"Yet she loved him?"

"Aye, and her anguish and remorse must have been intense when she found that the death draught she had mixed for the wife had been swallowed by the husband! I read here," Sir Hugh continued, putting his hand on the diary, "how, when in her agony of grief she flung herself beside his dead body, she cried, 'I can do you no harm now.' Ah, she must have suffered terribly, and but that her vengeance on an innocent woman was so deadly, one might almost have pitied her."

"It was deadly indeed!"

"She must have rejoiced grimly in her triumph," Sir Hugh continued hoarsely. "Her revenge was so much more complete than she had planned. Instead of a quick death, a lingering, drawn-out agony, instead of a few sharp pangs of a few minutes, she inflicted a long, a life-long anguish, suffering bodily and mental for long months, and perhaps—ah, heaven! I dare not hope that there is any uncertainty about it—a lonely miserable death!"

His head fell on his hands; great, choking, tearless sobs broke from him. The Doctor stood by in silence, his own eyes dim, feeling for him with sincerest sympathy, yet helpless to comfort save by that silence which is the wisest help in sorrow.

After awhile the young man looked up and rose, leaning rather heavily upon the table.

"One thing, at least, I can do for my darling," he said hoarsely; "living or dead, the stain of a crime, of which she is as innocent as myself, lies upon her, and that stain shall be removed. What other motive can my life have now? It shall be devoted to that object. I will spare nothing—nothing!—to prove her innocence to the world, and——"

"It will be difficult," Doctor Price said gently. "What satisfies us, Sir Hugh, may not satisfy others."

"It shall satisfy them! I will search the world for that vile woman, and force her to confess the truth!"

"You need not search the world," the surgeon answered quietly: nay, you need not go far to find her."

A sudden vivid light flashed into Hugh Danecourt's sad eyes. He turned eagerly.

"You know where she is?" he queried.

"Yes; at least I know where she lived a few days since, and where she has lived since the trial."

"Where?" was all the younger man could utter in his breathless eagerness.

"At the Glen House!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The summer day was drawing to a close as Sir Hugh Danecourt and Doctor Price drew rein at the closed iron gates leading into the grounds of the Glen House, having ridden swiftly across the hills from Llanarvon.

The evening was a beautiful one, the hills were bathed in the loveliest, golden, roseate light; the air was soft and warm, almost sultry, the glory of the setting sun brightened the sky, making it radiantly calm and beautiful; all was still and peaceful and beautiful.

The grounds of the Glen House were full of the luxuriant beauty of the season; the trees were in full leaf, the shrubs in full bloom, the air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers. As the two men alighted, fastening their horses' bridles to the gate, there was no sign of human life near, and leaving them there, pushed open the gates with difficulty,—for the hinges were rusty, and entered the grounds.

The stillness was profound. No sign of life, save perhaps a bird flying from tree to tree, was visible; the little lodges were empty, the windows dirty; the smart white curtains of the November previous begrimed and draggled; the little gardens, which had been then so trimly kept, were overgrown and neglected; the drive was grass grown and untidy; it was but too evident that no care was given to the luxuriant vegetation, no labor expended on the banks and lawns of the prettily laid-out grounds, which were resuming, and rapidly resuming, the neglected appearance which they had worn for so long, before Mr. Beaumont's gardeners and laborers had taken them in hand, and dug, and pruned, and planted.

As the house was approached, this desolate look was still more manifest; the windows, all closed against the sweet summer air, were dingy, and bore unefaced traces of wintry rains and wind, and were so thickly coated that it was impossible to see whether there were curtains within or not; the wide stone steps leading to the hall door were deeply stained with green and black patches; two stone vases at their foot were full of weeds, which mingled with one hardy little geranium which had survived the wintry frost: the absence of any living creature was more remarkable here, perhaps, because a habitation seemed to speak of inhabitants, but the stillness was more profound here than it had been before, and Sir Hugh Danecourt's heart sank as the thought struck him that the doctor must be mistaken—no one could be living in that desolate abode, no one.

"There is no one there," he said, in a low tone.

The loneliness and stillness, perhaps, made the doctor lower his own voice as he answered.

"She was living here a few days since," he said quietly; "but the house always looks as you see it. Of course, her means are not large; she has only an annuity of some three or four hundred a year, which she inherited under Mr. Beaumont's will. She has the house at almost a nominal rent, I believe," he added. "The owner was glad to let it on any terms, as it had never been a very desirable habitation, and it became less so than ever after Mr. Beaumont's death. Its present occupant lives in it alone, save for one old woman servant, and sees no one. She lives in perfect seclusion, and I think I may safely say that she has never been seen outside the grounds."

"She is repenting her sin, perhaps," Sir Hugh said bitterly. "She will not see us, doctor."

"Perhaps not—we can but try. Do you know," continued the doctor, as they walked slowly up the discolored steps, "when my suspicions of this unhappy creature were strongest, I used to tell myself that she could not be guilty, or she would have fled from this place as from some hideous pestilence."

"That is not always so," Sir Hugh answered—"not even often so, I think. I have read somewhere that murderers always return, sooner or later, to the scene of their crime."

As he spoke, he put up a rather unsteady hand, and pulled the bell. It was stiff and rusted; but when he had succeeded in pulling it, the sound echoed through the silence in a strange, weird manner.

As they stood waiting for the answer to their summons, it struck both men that there seemed something mean, almost cowardly, in thus coming to this lonely place to accuse a solitary woman of a terrible crime, but neither imparted his thought to the other; indeed, Sir Hugh had but to recall that which for many moments was never absent from his memory—Cecil's suffering—to harden his heart against any appeal which Hester Brand's sex and solitary position made to it.

It was some minutes before the sound of footsteps within followed the echoes of the bell which had died away, then the inner bolts were withdrawn, and an elderly, hard-featured woman opened the door and looked in questioning silence at the visitors. She was cleanly in her person, and neatly dressed, and although it was evident from her glance at Doctor Price that she recognized him, she uttered no greeting, but stood waiting quietly and respectfully for them to make their business known.

"We wish to see Miss Brand," the doctor said quietly, although he felt anything but calm at the prospect of the interview before them. "She is at home, sir, certainly," was the answer, "but I do not know whether she will see you. My mistress sees no one now."

"I think she will receive us if you will take my name to her," he replied quietly. "And if you will say that my business is important, I shall be much obliged."

The woman looked at him for a moment, then glanced at Sir Hugh.

"And this gentleman?" she asked.

"This gentleman is my friend. He is a stranger to Miss Brand, but he is concerned in this matter," replied Doctor Price, with a grave, quiet matter-of-factness in his voice and manner which was not without its effect upon the servant, who ushered them into the hall, and, leaving them standing there, went up the broad oak staircase, but through a door opening into the hall.

The same uninhabited air which characterized the exterior of the Glen House prevailed within, but with the difference that there was no dirt but perfect cleanliness and order. The furniture was massive and handsome; it was the same as it had been in the previous winter, Doctor Price saw, but the chairs were ranged against the wall; there were no flowers in the bowls on the table; the doors opening into the hall were all closed; there was no sound audible, no sign of life or occupation visible.

Sir Hugh looked around him with interest; the house was hallowed to him as the place of his darling's martyrdom.

It was here she had suffered so cruelly, wept such bitter tears, fought and rebelled against her cruel fate. His poor, pretty Cecil!

It was from here she had been taken to the gaol at Ashe; here she had struggled for her life in the burning agonies of fever; here she had conquered in that struggle with a victory which was as cruel as a defeat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is easy to keep that armor bright which is daily used, but hanging by the walls till it is rusty it will ask some time and pains to furbish it over again. And thus also it is in the performance of duties, if we continue them with a settled constancy, they will be easy, familiar, and delightful to us; but if once broken off, and intermitted, it is a new work to begin again, and will not be reduced to the former estate but with much endeavor and great difficulty.

IT WERE ENOUGH.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

Love, if you came to me, as once true-hearted,
Here where we sat and dreamt of days to be,
I should believe that we had never parted,
And that your heart had never gone from me.

Nay, do not fear, I should not blame or chide you,
We would not speak of all that bitter pain:
It were enough to know I was beside you,
It were enough to hear your voice again.

We should go dreaming in the golden glory,
From spot to spot along each well-known way;
Take up the threads of our long-silent story,
And weave again the same sweet dream to-day.

Then in a moment, all the past retrieving,
Love would come back, and faith and hope restore;
Then I should know, beloved and believing,
Know that your heart was mine again once more.

A DOUBLE LIFE.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"SO he is," Mildred answered in a grateful voice, while her heart reproached her with all her discontent—"the best and the most generous in the world."

"By-the-way, were you going on to the Palace yesterday?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, Charlie said he saw you at Clapham."

"At Clapham?"

Mrs. Archerson looked up in surprise.

"Yes, he saw Mr. Archerson, and thought you were with him; but you had your back turned, and he only saw your bonnet—or hat, I think he said," Mrs. Carew answered, wondering vaguely, now that it was too late, whether she had been indiscreet; but still something made her go on. "He said you were on the platform at Clapham, but he did not see you at the Palace, though he looked out for you. He went down to the meeting. Perhaps, after all, he was mistaken," she added, trying to patch up any mischief she might have done.

"Perhaps so; or perhaps Teddy met some one he knew," Mrs. Archerson said, slowly and naturally enough.

But swift as an arrow her thoughts went back to that evening, many months ago now, when the man brought the card-case he found at Clapham—and from that moment Mrs. Archerson was not only an unhappy but a jealous woman. With jealousy too there came its wisdom, or its artfulness.

She said nothing to her friend—nay, she seemed to suddenly brighten—and was so lively that when Mrs. Carew went home she told her husband Teddy A.'s wife was a nice little thing; it was a shame Teddy didn't take her about more.

"She's rather slow, you know, darling," Mr. Carew answered. "And then, she always looks so dowdy."

"I know," his wife answered triumphantly. "I tried to give her a hint of that to-day. I told her you men were all susceptible to pretty clothes."

"Indeed! That's your sole reason for wearing them, I suppose?"

"Of course, and because I like you to admire me; and—oh, by-the-way, Charlie, she wasn't at Clapham yesterday. Are you certain there was some one with him?"

"Certain. You were not such a goose as to tell her so?"

"Yes, I did; but I don't think I made any mischief. She said he had probably met some one."

"Well, perhaps he had. Teddy has toned down of late years. Still, when a man has married for money he is not always such a pattern of virtue as if——"

"As if he had married for love, as you did?"

"Precisely."

"Then it is a great pity that she was not a pauper, as I was, poor thing."

"Don't be too sure. You may have been an heiress unaware, and I may have known it beforehand."

At which his wife laughed, and said she only wished it were true. And then they went merrily down to their cosy little dinner, while Mrs. Archerson at Kensington was looking blankly at her lonely meal, and wondering if she could get two or three mouthfuls down just to deceive the servants. Ten minutes before she had received a telegram saying that her husband was detained and could not be back to dinner.

Teddy came home late that night, but Mildred was still up—an unusual thing for her; she looked so pale and worn that he noticed it.

"You should have gone to bed," he said anxiously. "You know you are not strong enough to be up late at nights. Besides, it worries me to think you are waiting for me."

"I wanted to finish my work. Besides, I don't see very much of you now, Edward."

He winced a little. Moreover he always felt uneasy if she called him Edward when they were alone. It was absurd, but it gave him an idea that things were not quite right.

"No, you don't, I am afraid. Somehow I never have any time now."

"Have you been at work all the evening?"

"Well, no, dear, not precisely at work; but I have been occupied."

"Mrs. Carew came to-day. She says you must be getting on, for she is always seeing your name in the papers."

"That's all right," he answered cheerfully.

"I looked for it this morning, but I did not see it. Were you in any case yesterday?"

"Yesterday—let me see. Well, no, not yesterday, my dear. I was in chambers all day looking through a brief with Wilson."

She looked up at him keenly.

"All day?" she asked, and saw him wince.

"Nearly all day. I had an engagement in the afternoon. Why do you ask?"

For a moment she hesitated, tempted to tell him her suspicions. But it is the curse of jealousy that it cannot be straightforward, and she fenced. Something seemed to close her lips.

She grew silent and miserable—so miserable that she became thin and pale, and more dejected. But tears and dejection, especially when they cannot be accounted for, win no man's heart; and Teddy, though he was sorry enough, and anxious too, felt his feet hurry faster and faster from her, day by day. At last she looked so ill he grew alarmed.

"She wants more excitement," he thought. "It's dull for her alone all day at Kensington."

He pondered over matters a bit, and then a bright thought struck him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Millie," he said, "you want a thorough change. You ought to get away from all this fog and brick and mortar. How would you like to go to Rome for a month or two, or to Nice or Mentone? You were always fond of traveling."

"With you, Edward?" she asked very eagerly.

"Well, no. You see it would be utterly impossible for me to get away. Mrs. Carew would miss my name in the paper every morning. But you might take Amy with you. I daresay she would be delighted. I should be rather on my beam ends at Nice or Mentone, though of course I could get over to Monte Carlo every day; but I don't suppose you would approve of that, or care about staying there."

"I should care about staying anywhere with you," she answered quickly.

"Couldn't manage it, my dear—not even for a day. Too many things coming on."

"Then let me stay," she said. "I would far rather stay at home."

"You shall do as you like; but I would rather that you went."

"Do you—you want to get rid of me, Teddy?"

"No, of course not. Why should I want to get rid of you?" he asked.

But after that he did not press her to go.

"She is only a little moped," he thought. "I am away a good deal, and she hasn't many resources. I wish she would go to Mentone for a few months, it would do her a world of good; and I might be able to run out and fetch her at Easter."

But Mrs. Archerson did not mean to go. She stayed at home with eyes that watched and ears that tried to hear, and a heart that ached sorely, with a feeling that a strange drama was being played almost in her presence, but the curtain of the theatre was down so that she could not see, and she was dazed and could not comprehend.

She knew instinctively that the end would come of all this terrible suspense, that some day, some moment when she least expected it, the curtain would be thrust aside, and all things made plain. She waited, dreading what she might lift her eyes to see.

CHAPTER III.

THE great case of Willoughby *vs.* Conyers came on in January. Teddy went off in good time on the morning of the trial.

His wife remembered afterwards with a sort of dazed wondering that when he reached the street door he hesitated, and turning back looked in at her, saying "Good-bye, Millie. Keep up your courage."

Courage for what? It was like the ringing of the prompter's bell to an actor about to play a part in an unknown play. She watched him out of sight, but he did not know, never looked back; she knew that he forgot her as soon as the door that divided them closed behind him. It had never struck her before that when that door closed it left her a prisoner and made him a free man.

As Teddy vanished in the distance she went back to the fire, and sat thinking over the one ceaseless subject of all her thoughts. What did it mean, her husband's absences, his excuses, his almost elaborate efforts to be kind?

She no longer for a moment supposed that he spent all his evenings at his chambers or his club, or went twice a week to see a bachelor friend at Richmond. There was some other woman.

For a long time she did not dare to think it, but now she felt it and knew it—some woman who had won him from her. And the odd thing was, that she did not blame him much; it put a sick dread in her heart, while all things grew dim before her eyes; it made her unspeakably miserable, and yet hardly angry at all.

Since that afternoon when she had looked hopelessly at her own face she had understood all that Teddy felt, struggle against it as he would; it said something for her courage that she dared thus far to face the truth.

Besides, she loved Teddy too well to be angry with him—the great love was greater than all feelings of anger and pride, than all those that go to make up indignation and self-assertion.

It was a calamity, the greatest that could overtake her, that she dreaded what might come—there might be pain too great to bear, and yet she was able to do nothing but bow her head.

Other women who loved less might rage and storm with all the fury of jealousy and the burden of insult; it was not in her to do that—not yet, at any rate—as she sat there staring the idea of what might come blankly in the face. Before the reality all her feelings might change—she did not know, she could not tell.

She only did know that if she might but have Teddy's deep true love, such as other men gave other women, for just one hour—just one hour to see his face and hear his voice all full of tender love for her—of lover's love, and not mere dutiful affection—if she might but feel his dear arms round her and rest her head on his shoulder for even one single moment, while he stooped whispering foolish love-words to her, and then she had to die, no matter how terrible and lonely a death, she could yet bless fate for its goodness and bountifulness to her. It was odd how the misery of the last few months had brought the unsuspected passion in her nature to the surface—passion she held down and hid, but could not kill.

A little while since she had been an even-humored, humdrum woman; but all the time hidden somewhere there had been in her heart a little spark of fire that lately had been fanned and fanned by cold and bitter winds until it had leaped into flame—flame that withal was subdued by the gentleness of her nature.

She was stupid with going over and over the same thing again and again; she could think, even of it, actively no more, but sat by the fire, blankly staring at it, the ever-lasting subject on which she for ever speculated.

She tried to rouse herself, and went to the window.

The postman was in the street, she went back to her seat by the fire and listened to his knocks. They made her realize that she was very lonely; the simple homely sound seemed to come into an empty room, and to find just one woman sitting by the fire.

She heard his footsteps faintly on the pavement, and followed him in thought from house to house. Then he stopped before the gate; she knew when he pushed it open; she heard him come up the steps and drop something into the letter-box.

The servant would bring it in a moment—more than one letter, she thought, judging from the sound. She shivered and drew nearer to the fire; there is nothing so chilly as misery.

A note and two printed things—circulars, from the look of the wrappers—were brought in. She put them down on her lap and looked round the room again, as if to take farewell of the familiar objects before the play she had been waiting for ceased to be a play and turned into a living reality.

Then she opened the note. It was a dinner invitation from the Paton-Greenes'. She wondered listlessly if Teddy would go, and began to think again. Presently she took up the circulars.

One was about the Kensington Bazaar. She had been asked to assist in it. She would get Amy to make some things; perhaps Amy would like to come up for it and stay a bit.

But no, she did not think just now that she could bear to have anyone staying with her. She wanted to be alone, to think over the great problem that was for ever perplexing her.

She opened the other circular; it was about cottage homes for destitute children, an appeal for subscriptions, a list of patrons and donors. She put it down and began to think once more.

The Dresden clock struck ten. Teddy was in his wig and gown, looking bright and handsome.

He would be a judge some day, of course. Already he talked of applying for silk, and and would probably do so in a couple of years.

It was so certain that his career would be a triumph; how odd it was that she did not care! But she cared for nothing save that one thing that she felt was for ever denied her.

The fire was burning hollow. She stirred it, and made a blaze; and mechanically taking up the circular about cottage homes, began reading down the list of donors of small sums.

Suddenly she started to her feet, her heart stood still, and quick as lightning it flashed through her that everything was about to be made plain. There, half-way down the page, was—

"Mrs. Edward Archerson, 3, Sisterton Road, Clapham opposite an entry of money.

Her own name, and at Clapham! It was in the Sisterton Road that the man had found the card-case; she remembered it perfectly.

There were not two Mrs. Edward Archersons, there could not be; there were no Archersons in London except themselves. Teddy had often said so in the first years of their marriage. Then suddenly it seemed as if a storm had overtaken the lonely woman standing there helpless and alone.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried—"what shall I do! It will break my heart."

She walked about the room in a frenzy of misery, wringing her hands and wishing that she could die. She was mad, or blind, or foolish.

It was a nightmare, an evil dream. She stopped quickly and snatched up the paper and looked at it again, half expecting to see that it had vanished.

But no, it was clear enough, and she was wide awake. Oh, if Teddy would only come back—if she could but telegraph to him or devise some way of getting at him, to beg him to clear up this mystery! She could not wait till evening time. Then, as if a wind had swept over her, the vehemence died away, the old quiet nature asserted itself, and she sat down calm and still, perhaps half-stunned, to think things over and decide what she would do. She folded her hands and looked blankly towards the window, as she had before the postman; she thought of him for a moment, and the difference his coming had made.

She realized that she had regained the senses that had seemed to be going a few minutes since; but the calmness that was overtaking her was the calmness of despair.

For before that story was told she knew what it was, and what the end must be. Once more she looked at the name and address.

Yes, it was spelt properly—it was the same, the very same; there was no mistake at all. She put it, together with the one about the Kensington Bazaar, into her pocket.

In every corner of the room the face of the unknown woman at Clapham seemed to be shaping itself in a blurred mocking manner.

She could not see what it was like, only that there was a look upon it that would drive her out of the world. The clock struck half-past ten. Teddy was in Court, full of his case; and she—for a moment she put her hands over her face and shuddered.

"It is no good waiting or flinching," she thought. "I will know what it all means. I will see her. I must and will."

She rang the bell, and waited nervously for it to be answered. It was the beginning of what she was going to do. She was curious to hear her own voice, to judge how she would play her part.

"I am going out," she said to the servant. "Tell Rice that I shall want the carriage in half-an-hour."

She went upstairs and dressed, feeling as if she were a person in a dream pretending to be some one who was awake. She pushed her hair back from her forehead, and put on a veil that tied with two ends under her chin.

When she was ready she sat down for a moment and considered. It was a desperate thing that she was about to do, but she was determined to have all doubts set at rest, and above all she was determined to see the woman who bore her name. As if she had decided on some plan of action, she got up after a few minutes and rang the bell again.

"Marks," she said, "I shall not want the carriage. I am going to walk."

She was very calm. No one would have suspected that she was playing a part in a tragedy.

Her face was merely the face of a woman setting about the commonplace routine of her daily life. She went slowly downstairs and out of the house.

As she left it she turned to look back, and recognized with a quick throb how much she had loved her home. She had perhaps never wholly realized this before, it had merely been a part of her life; but now she felt that it was about to be wrenched away, to become a separate thing, a memory that would for ever be an ache and pain, a bit of the past that had nothing to do with the present.

She went on towards the Addison-road Station. She had never been to Clapham; she had thought of it as a junction at which everyone took fresh trains and no one knew whither the old ones went. Oh, yes! there was Clapham Common. Admiral Somers had once lived there.

She remembered how, when he used to dine with her father, he always left at ten o'clock, always remarking in precisely the same tone that he had a very long way to drive.

How strange it was to think of him now, while she was walking perhaps to the end of the world—to the end of all it held for her.

There was a cold wintry wind; she shuddered as it swept past her, it seemed as if it would bear off all the life left in her. Oh, if it could! if it would!

If she had only died yesterday—last night, in that dream that kept coming back, all confused and broken, as if it were struggling to make itself clear, to show her that it had had some bearing on all this!

She tried to rouse herself a little, wondering if it were after all but an evil dream. Surely no waking woman could feel as she did—so strange and dazed that she could do and was doing she hardly knew what, but waited half-curiously to see.

Afterwards, when the calm came in which she sat and thought all things over, it seemed to her that she had suffered more during that morning of uncertainty and dread than in all the after hours.

It was pain so great that it stupefied all other senses, and drove her onwards without consideration of any sort.

There was a train ready to start from Addison Road; she found a car, and, incapable of thinking more, turned and looked aimlessly out of the window. There were the squalid dreary backs of houses—she wondered if the people who lived within were ever happy?—the ugly unkept gardens, with the clothes hanging out to dry, or the crooked dirty lines, where they had been hung, left forgotten.

The gardens were worse than the houses, and she looked up at the windows again. She could see into some of the rooms, corners of beds, backs of toilet-glasses, now and then a cheap ornament, and she re-

coiled a little.

It was all so tawdry—the tawdriness of the lower middle-class, that knows not how to make the best of poverty as even the poorest poor of other countries do, and that never for a moment has dreamt of making itself picturesque.

A patch of green came, a bank of gravel, an open space, a few distant trees; she looked at them all, glad of the lull that had come into her heart, and speculating idly how long it would last.

A few minutes more and she was at Clapham Junction. It was quite odd to go outside the station and not down among the passages.

She inquired of a porter for Sisterton Road. It was a long way off, he said; he didn't quite know how far. So she took a cab and told the man to drive her to it; and when at last he stopped at the end of the Road, she felt more than ever as if everything was a dream and the waking far away somewhere beyond the world. She walked slowly down the Road—No. 3 was at the other end.

For a moment she almost stopped her dreamy state to wonder what to do next. But she was too intent on her object to trouble about details. Besides, she had the Bazaar circular; that would serve as an excuse.

She was quite accustomed to going on charity missions, and was not likely to betray herself. There were some shops to pass; she saw herself reflected in one of the plate-glass windows.

Her prim bonnet with the veil tied under her chin, the comfortable fur-trimmed cloak, the quiet self-possessed air—all helped to make her appear quite a model charitable lady out on a subscription-hunt.

She stopped before the house at last. There were some dark evergreens in boxes at the windows, a little shining brass knocker to the olive-green door. It looked like a cosy, well-kept house, and her heart sank as she beheld it.

Even from the outside she fancied that it had an air of Teddy. A young maid-servant answered Mildred's knock, and stared at her in blank surprise, as though she were wholly unused to visitors. Yes, Mrs. Archerson was at home.

"Will you ask if I can see her? I will not keep her long. It is on business," she added hurriedly; for the servant hesitated.

"Well, I'll see."

And, half-unwillingly, she showed the way into a little drawing-room on the ground-floor—a pretty room, all curtains and flowers, brass ornaments, and Japanese screens with storks on them. And there, on a little table facing the doorway, in a crimson plush frame, was a portrait of Teddy.

All hope died out of Mildred's life as she beheld it. It was true, then, true—true. On the mantel-shelf was another portrait—a little smiling one, like that she had at home.

She understood now of what he had been thinking when the happy look came over his face, and for a moment she was bitterly angry and indignant.

She would denounce him to the shameless woman for whose sake he had been so false, and leave the house; she felt that it was unfit for her feet to stand in, and—but, while she was still defiant, the door opened, and there appeared a woman with a slight round figure, and a face on which there was nothing shameless, nor any consciousness of wrong.

She was five or six-and-twenty, perhaps, the woman who entered, but she looked so young that Mildred, remembering her own two or three additional years, felt as if old age had suddenly fastened upon her. A girl, in fact, whom one only called a woman because there was about her a certain sedateness as of one who had domestic responsibilities, and a distinct and defined place in the world.

She had blue eyes—tender eyes, with a dreamy look in them, as though they remembered much; and golden-brown hair, twisted in soft coils round her head, different enough from poor Mildred's dull plaits.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked gently.

Mildred's lips quivered, but made no sound. For a moment it seemed as if she were tottering, though the calm face betrayed nothing.

"May I ask why you wish to—to see me?"

There was some surprise in the voice, perhaps a little nervousness. Mildred, pulling the circular concerning the Bazaar from her pocket, tried to remember her part.

"I ought to apologize, but I believe you take an interest in things that help women and children; and there is to be a Bazaar ——"

An air of relief spread over the other's face, a happy smile came to her lips, as she interrupted, almost gaily:

"Oh, yes, indeed I do, a great deal of interest; but I never go to Bazaars or take stalls, or do anything of the sort, if that is what you wish to ask."

"No," Mildred answered, "I did not want that. I——"

She stopped almost with a gasp; but the girl, suspecting nothing, took the circular, and holding it between her two dimpled hands, glanced quickly down it. On the third finger of her left hand there was a pile of rings; the bottom one was a wedding-ring. It fascinated Mildred like a snake.

"But this is for Kensington. Why should you come to us at Clapham?"

"It does not matter where they live, if ——"

She tried to think of words to say, but they were like a lesson long forgotten, and impossible to repeat correctly.

"How did you get my address?" the girl asked, puzzled. "And how did you know that I was interested in charities? I never did anything in public in my life, and I don't want to do anything. Do tell me how you got my name."

"I found it in a list of donors to cottage homes for children," Mildred said, looking at the face before her as though she would remember it through all eternity. It was such a happy face; it looked as if there could never have been a cloud on it, never a single tear in those soft eyes.

"Oh, yes, I know. I gave the money, but did not mean my name to appear; and I was so vexed when——"

She stopped, and followed the eyes that, with a sad, almost wild look in them, had turned from her face to Teddy's portrait on the table.

"Is that your husband?" Mildred asked slowly, in a low voice, with bated breath. The answer came quickly and firmly.

"Yes, that is my husband."

"Mr. Edward Archerson?"

"Yes."

The speaker looked up, and then her lips closed as if she were prepared to resent any more questions. For a moment they looked at each other in silence; then, with a faltering voice, Mildred spoke—

"I did—I did not know his wife lived here. I thought she lived elsewhere. Please forgive me," she added hurriedly; for she saw the color rising on the girl's face, and the idea was taking possession of her that Teddy might have been deceiving two women—that two would have to suffer.

"Please forgive me," she repeated, "I know him well. I have known him for years," she added.

The girl rose, and stood looking Mildred straight in the face.

"What do you mean? Did you come on purpose? What business have you to intrude here asking questions? Did you come on purpose?" she repeated, almost breathlessly.

"Yes, I came on purpose," Mildred said, in the same low voice in which she had previously spoken; it seemed as if she had no strength to raise it.

"May I ask why?"

The words were meant to be defiant, but there was a note of coming fear in the voice.

"Because there is one woman to whom this is a matter of life and death," Mildred answered, so calmly that she might well be taken for a person outside the desperate scene that seemed to be going on somewhere else rather than in the room in which they stood—two women, each with a part that meant her life's whole history. They stood looking at each other for a moment gravely and silently.

The girl's face had lost its flush, and slowly turned ashy white. But otherwise she took no notice of Mildred's answer. When she spoke again each word seemed to be dragged from her.

"You say you have known him for years," she said. "Did you know that—he—was married?"

"Yes, I knew that he was married."

"Do you know his wife?"

The question was almost whispered.

"Yes, I know his wife," came the calm, unflinching answer.

The girl waited a moment, but the inexplicable woman before her seemed like some strange automaton, and did not offer to speak of her own accord.

"Well?—do you know her well?"

There was a change in Mildred's voice then.

"Yes, I know her well," she said bitterly—"better than any one else in the world knows her."

"You are her friend?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"When did you find this out?"

"Just before I started—an hour ago."

"Then she cannot know yet! Oh, don't tell her! don't tell her!" the woman who had taken Mildred's place cried, putting her hands out entreatingly. "Dont tell her. He says she is so gentle and good, it would break her heart. I would rather it did, I think, than that she should know;" and, suddenly resting her face down on the edge of the velvet-covered shelf, she sobbed bitterly.

The words took Mildred altogether back, but her heart grew hard and cold as she watched her rival—her rival, and no dupe—and, apart from all other feelings, the remembrance of a marriage ceremony filled her full of indignation.

"You are very considerate," she said in a grinding voice; "it is most kind."

The girl raised her head quickly and brushed the tears away.

"You don't understand," she said, almost fiercely. "Wait a moment and I will tell you. You say you know him—and her?"

"Yes, I know them well."

"Then you know that he married her for her money. He did not love her. She is very gentle and good, but he does not love her; he never did, and he always loved me."

She clasped her hands together and said the last words with a tenderness of which Mildred found her own voice to be incapable.

In that tone alone lay half the reason of everything.

"Always?"

"Yes, always. He loved me before he had ever seen her."

Mildred looked at her half bewildered, incapable of taking in all the bitterness of those last words; but her thoughts went back to the early days of her married life, to all the little endearments and foolish names and sweet nonsense of the time. It had all been a make-believe, then—a sham, a mockery.

"Why did he not marry, if he loved you before he even saw her?" she asked.

"I was poor, I had no money at all. I was just a little drawing mistress, and he was too poor, and very much in debt. One day he told me it was of no use going on, it couldn't be; that he must have money and could only get it by marrying. I was angry—he wanted to go and I let him. We were both wrong, for I let him go and I knew he loved me; but what could I do?" she asked, still speaking eagerly as though for dear life.

"I was alone, too," she went on; "there was no one else in the world, and was so very, very miserable, I thought my heart would break. And yet I was angry, too, and gave up all my pupils, and moved so that he might not find me. I wanted never to see him again——"

"Well?"

"And then we met, and I had nearly died in the two years or more between. It was like Heaven meeting him again; and though he tried to hide it was no good—I saw that he loved me just the same. Oh, you cannot think what it was to meet—the misery, the joy of it; and he told me that his wife was good and gentle, but she had no life, no go—she loved him in a passionless manner, as a school girl loves, not as I did, as I do! He is just my life!" she exclaimed with flushed cheeks, and eyes that had lost their dreaminess, and flashed as she looked up.

"Yes," Mildred said calmly, "go on. It is better to tell me all. I know them both, remember."

"And he had no child, and, try as he would to help it his wife was so little to him he could not take her into his life; his heart was empty save for me; it ached for me, and I was alone and loved him.

"'His wife should never know,' he said. You must not think—you are her friend, that is why I wish you to know all this—that he does not care for her; he does. But he does not love her. It is just affection——"

"And for her money."

"Her money was a great deal to him once—he married her for it; but now he is rich and it is nothing to him. It is that he fears to grieve her; it is because he knows how gentle and good she is——"

"While he is unfaithful to her every hour of his life——" Mildred said. She had listened to the story as if it were all a dream—a story that concerned some other person—some one she had known and remembered.

She could not grasp the fact that it was her own history that she was hearing and living through.

The girl looked up quickly at Mildred's last words, and spoke again, as she had all through, in a voice that came from the innermost depths of her soul.

"There are some people," she said, and Mildred, looking back at her, thought while she listened, how blue her eyes were.

It was odd how Mildred dallied with her knowledge and her anguish that morning, though it wrecked all her happiness; dallied with it and put it a little way from her and looked at it curiously as a thing for which she could put off grieving, though she knew that there would never be another hour in her life that would not bear the bitter fruit of this.

"There are some people," the girl said, "who have lives that go out to meet each other—ours did. They have met, and can never be parted. She lives there his wife in name and before the world by virtue of a marriage ceremony, but I am the wife of his heart, his soul, his innermost self; and as for wronging her——"

"Does he suppose she will never know?" Mildred asked.

She had hardly heard the last words.

"She will never know if he and I can help it. How is she to know. I use his name but that is all. I could not bear not to do that. I go nowhere, know no one, we seldom go out together; the name is not in the Directory, it is by the merest accident that it is in that list and I shall instantly have it withdrawn; it is in no other place at all. How is she to know? We shall keep our secret. Oh, he would not let her know for the whole world."

She went forward a step or two and put her hand on Mildred's arm, but the latter shrank away.

"Oh, if you love her," she pleaded, not heeding the movement, "and have any regard for him; if you have a woman's heart and know what it is to love—be silent. What good will telling her do? It will not make his heart go from me to her. You cannot love as you will. Remember that. Let her keep her poor happiness; she will never find out what a ghost it is. I, loving him, can understand, and dread to think what she would suffer if she knew——"

"You said she was cold."

"Yes, she is cold—she has no fire, no abandon, no passion; but she is good and gentle, and loves him truly in her own way. Surely, knowing her, you understand; for I, who have never even seen her, can——"

"Oh, yes, I can understand," Mildred said, with a long weary sigh, and eyes turned towards the door.

For one moment she wondered foolishly if she would be a dead woman when she went out of that room. Then she asked one more question.

"Does it never strike you that you are making him wicked, dragging him down, the man you say you love so much better than she does—and that you are doing her a terrible wrong?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE of one's own family may become a cause for blame if it stretches over into injustice to others.

Scientific and Useful.

HEAT INDICATOR.—A new heat indicator for domestic ovens resembles a watch dial, and is marked, "bread," meat," "pastry," "burning," etc. It can be attached to any oven door by drilling a hole through it to insert the spindle of the indicator.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—One of the largest britannia firms in New England recommends the following to clean silver: One-half pound of sal-soda, in eight quarts of water; when at a boiling heat dip the silver, and immediately wash in soap-suds, and wipe dry with piece of cotton flannel.

DRY GLUE.—A valuable kind of dry pocket glue is now made by combining twelve parts of good glue and five parts of sugar. The glue is boiled until it is entirely dissolved, the sugar is then put into the glue, and the mass is evaporated until it is found to become hard on cooling. Lukewarm water melts it very readily, and the article proves excellent for use in causing paper to adhere firmly, cleanly, and without producing the slightest disagreeable odor.

NEW TELEGRAPHY.—Two German inventors are credited with having devised an arrangement in the shape of an automatic electric alarm bell, calculated to prevent the collision of two trains on the same track. More than this, the invention enables a train in motion to remain in telegraphic communication with the station at either end. Finally, the invention admits of the transmission of despatches to passengers in the train at any time, whether the track is clear or not, without being obliged to enquire of the neighboring stations.

TINNED CLOTH.—It is found that cloth may be tinned by preparing a mixture of finely pulverized metallic zinc and albumen, of about the consistency of thin paste; this to be spread with a brush upon linen or cotton cloth, and, by means of hot steam, coagulated, the cloth to be then immersed in a bath of stannic chloride, well washed and dried. By running the cloth through a roller press the thin film which has thus been imparted is said to take a fine metallic lustre. Designs cut in stout paper, letters, numbers, etc., when laid between cloth and roller, are impressed upon it, and it can also be cut in strips, corners, etc.

FIRE-PLACES.—In a recent lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, a prominent English scientist mentioned several additional points about the structure of fire-places, which tend to the saving of fuel. (1) As much fire-brick and as little iron as possible should be used. Iron absorbs the heat, and chiefly in directions in which the heat is least wanted. Fire-brick retains and accumulates heat. (2) The back of the fire-place should lean or arch over the fire, so as to become heated by the rising flame. The heated back sends forth abundant radiant heat into the room. (3) The bottom of the grating should be deep from before backwards. (4) The slits in grating should be narrow; this prevents small cinders from falling through. (5) The bars in front should be narrow.

Farm and Garden.

THE PLOW'S POINT.—Keeping a close watch over the plow's point, and having it sharp, or replacing it frequently with a new one, will often save ten times the cost of the plow in labor.

THE POULTRY.—Frequent spading of the poultry-yards, with a sprinkling of lime is the best mode of cleaning them. Where the fowls are closely confined the yards should be spaded at least once a month.

DISINFECTING.—A pound of copperas, costing 3 cents, in a bucket of water, sprinkled from a watering-pot in the pig pen will provide a cheap and excellent disinfectant, and will also largely assist in preventing disease.

SHEEP.—The necessity of keeping the sheep on dry footing should not be forgotten. A yard in which sheep are kept should be one where there is plenty of drainage. Wet footing is the one thing that sheep will not stand.

WIND-MILLS.—The use of the wind-mill has rendered stock-raising much less difficult, for where running streams were necessary in pastures the water can now be led to the field by pipes from the tanks supplied by the wind-mills.

SEED.—Now is the time to go into the corn-field and select the best ears for seed. Examine the stalks also, the number of ears, the earliness, and kind of soil upon which they are grown. Mark them, and allow them to dry thoroughly on the stalk before taking them off.

PASTURE.—It is only a matter of time for the pasture to run out if it be not manured. You cannot continue to obtain milk, beef, mutton; and wool from the pasture and give nothing back in return. Yet pastures are used annually on some farms, with no effort made to recuperate them, and it will surely end in the exhaustion of the soil and disappearance of the grass.

GROWTH OF TREES.—The average growth of trees, cultivated in groves, in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple, or box elder, 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; yellow willow, 18 inches and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches and 20 feet.

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The Conduct of Life.

Many of the rules of rhetoricians contribute little to the improvement of the orator, and serve only to display the professor's subtility. But the advice which they give on the subject of imitation is truly valuable, as it conduces immediately to facilitate practice. They instruct their scholars, after the preparatory learning is acquired, to choose a model of style, according to which they may shape their own; and not only the best writers and orators, but also the best painters, sculptors and architects, have found that the easiest and most infallible mode of acquiring an habitual ease in the practice of their arts is to follow the footsteps of some excellent predecessor.

The art of life may derive advantage from rules intended only to facilitate the acquisition or practice of those humbler arts, which administer to pleasure, to pride, or to convenience. Let him who wishes to live well, like him who wishes to write well, choose a model; which he may imitate with a judicious and discriminating, and not with a blind and servile, imitation.

A caution is necessary, lest the imitation recommended should become an odious species of affected resemblance, lest it should be so close as to destroy all originality, and lest it should degenerate into an apish mimicry. Such an imitation must be contemptible.

Seneca gives a good idea of the sort of resemblance to be sought when he says: "The imitator of a style should endeavor to be like the original, not with the same exactness as a picture is like the person represented, but as a child resembles the features of its parent."

A judicious man will naturally select some person for imitation in the same profession or employment, of similar views, and of eminence in the particular walk of life into which himself has entered. Common sense directs such a choice. A clergyman, for instance, will imitate a clergyman; a lawyer, a lawyer; a physician, a physician; and so in all other departments of life.

The character which forms the model may be either living or dead. There are many lives of men in all professions written with accuracy, and with a minute detail of particular circumstances. Such models as these may be often better known and more easily imitated than living characters, especially by young men, who cannot be much acquainted with the world, at least with eminent persons, in a degree sufficient to know all the requisite circumstances concerning them.

In every situation of life which appears parallel to theirs he will ask himself how they would have acted, and he will find an answer by observing how they really did act.

Two or three such models will furnish precedents which, with a little adaptation to modern times, will afford a directory for conduct under all emergencies. Great judgment is certainly necessary even here, and we have already said that a blind imitation of any model whatever is not to be approved.

Some have recommended not only the imitation of a person of excellent character, but the habit of supposing him always present, seeing and hearing us on all occasions. We may thus make him our privy counsellor, ask ourselves what he would say on such a point, what advice he would give, and whether we should be ashamed to act as our inclination prompts us in his real presence. Thus he may become the guide of our lives and the regulator of our behavior.

But living models may be also very advantageously selected by the aspirant after excellence. The danger is lest the choice should fall on a wrong character. Splendor of rank, riches, honors, station, are too apt to recommend patterns which exhibit only a vicious exemplar, whitened and gilded by the hand of fashion.

Envy and prejudice are also prone to add deformity to characters really beautiful. So that the choice of living examples is more difficult than that of the departed, whose fame is fixed by death.

But, so long as a good model is chosen, there is little doubt but that the means of arriving at excellence will be facilitated, whether the choice fall on the living, or on those who are out of the reach of envy.

The precept of one of the great masters in the art of rhetoric must be observed in life. At first, and for a long time, only the best writers, and such as will not mislead him who implicitly confides in them, must be selected for imitation. But let not the imitation even of the best authors or the best men become a plagiarism either in writing or in life. There is a noble originality, the characteristic of genius and the parent of all excellence.

THE man whose life, outwardly all defeat, is steadily expanding in its interests and sympathies, steadily growing in power to bear and suffer and be strong, has the blessed consciousness of coming into his kingdom. No outward disaster, no external obstacle or limitation, can ever defeat a true life; it can escape all these things as the bird escapes the perils of the snare and the net by flying above them. This highest of all successes lies within the grasp of every earnest man and woman, and it is rarely without attestations of its presence and value, even in the eyes of those who take small account of spiritual things. There is a force which streams from a noble nature which is as irresistible and pervasive as the sunlight. The warmth and the vitality of such natures, while they invigorate the strongest men and women about them, penetrate to the heart of clouded and obscure lives, and minister to their need. There is no success so satisfying as that which is embodied in one's character, and so cannot be taken from him, and the influence of which, embodied in the character of others, is also indestructible.

THE influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally and the embellishment of their mind.

IF our bad unspoken thoughts are registered against us and are written in the awful account, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty, charity, which pass through the breast and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find a remembrance, too?

LET us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his gospel which is nothing else but our own tempestuous and stormy passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls for fire from heaven to consume those who differ a little from us in their apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning, which philosophers speak of, that melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard; it strives to save the soul, but hurteth not the body.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something!

WE live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually, it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

LEARN to know thyself through the faults of other people and thine own, though more so through the manner in which thou dost judge other people's faults. "Every man should know himself" is such a fundamental principle of true wisdom that wise men of old affirmed it to be a command immediately derived to the sons of men, by a voice from heaven, as being absolutely necessary to the right guidance of all the actions of human life upon earth.

WORK is of a religious nature—work is of a brave nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's." A waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant, wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him—bears him as its conqueror along! "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

AT almost every step in life we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. Like certain chintzes, calicoes and ginghams, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.

VIOLENCE ever defeats its own ends. Where you cannot drive you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every human heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you.

MANY flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessing, but constant in looking to him.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. He who carries about him nothing but gold will be every day at a loss for ready change.

RIDICULE, which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is but at best a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.

THE good that is done in a pleasant way accomplishes most and is most lasting. Good advice, given kindly, is worth a dozen reproofs accompanied by scowls.

EVERY man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mold as that which we bear within us.

The World's Happenings.

The Princess of Wales is said never to wear the same bonnet twice.

An Ohio man has patented a mattress filled with nothing but air.

Andrain county, Mo., has a base ball club composed of nine brothers.

King Kalakaua used to peddle bananas in Honolulu when he was a boy.

In seven years a Michigan farmer has had seven horses killed by lightning.

McLean county, Ill., is said to be without a single stream of running water.

The gold in the United States Treasury weighs 319 tons, and the silver 1936 tons.

At Adrian, Mich., the latest base ball organization is called the "Razzle-Dazzles."

Dan Emmett, "father" of modern negro minstrelsy, is selling milk for a living in Chicago.

A Chinese fishing junk at Vallejo, Cal., has a mile and a quarter of line, carrying 5360 hooks.

A son of King Bell, of Cameroons, Africa, is apprenticed to a carpenter in Altona, Germany.

There are 46 judges in the State of New York, anyone of whom can overrule the proceedings of any other.

Miss Grace Blankley, of Fort Hamilton, L. I., often swims across the Narrows, a distance of a mile and a half.

Pittsburg's million dollar fire was started by a man who threw a lighted match into a basket full of waste paper.

An Eckford, Mich., young lady raked 102 acres of stubbles in a week, besides taking lessons in elocution and music.

Rhode Island, it is reported, has more liquor places open than she had before the prohibitory amendment was adopted.

One-third almost of the total 2500 suits commenced in the last term of the Circuit Court at St. Louis were divorce proceedings.

A Phillips, Me., man admits being hired to poison a family with Paris green. The price was $5, but he overdid the job and the victims recovered.

The belle of Athens, Ga., is Miss Olivia Cobb, who is just "out of her teens," and who, it is said, has already refused thirty offers of marriage.

An accident insurance company reports that it has thus far had death claims filed against it for $13,000, on which the premiums paid amounted to $1.50.

The "Prison Mirror" is the name of a small, neatly printed weekly paper, edited, printed and published by the inmates of the State Prison at Stillwater, Minn.

The widows of seven clergymen occupy a single pew in a Detroit church; but, it is explained, there are only two of them, one the widow of three, the other of four divines.

A Missouri justice of the peace who was burned out returned his law library as "comprising a Bible, a spelling book, a war history and one volume of Mr. Blackstone."

The fat men of Brussels, Belgium, have formed a club that had a short time ago reached a membership of 30. A weight of not less than 200 pounds is a condition of membership.

A Oconee, Ga., man has a gander that follows him around like a dog, and will sound the alarm when a stranger enters the yard, and attacks the intruder with his wings and beak.

In Lancaster, recently, one of a gang of colored hod carriers fell while descending the ladder, but, luckily, was caught in the hod of a fellow workman and enabled to regain a hold on the ladder.

The New York, Providence and Boston Railroad has begun to use a new system of heating its passenger cars. The device is a water circulating method, utilizing the steam from the boiler of the engine.

Stilt-walking has become a popular sport in England, and has its champion, who reached London the other day, having walked from Dundee, nearly 500 miles, on stilts, in twenty-eight and one-half days.

A British sea captain says that whales are increasing in number so fast that accidents to ships from running into them will soon be of frequent occurrence. A sailing ship under a five-knot breeze might as well strike a tree as an old bull whale.

A woman in Brooklyn managed to secure divorce by mortgaging to 28 different persons her $400 worth of furniture, and squandered the money at the races. A sale of the furniture was ordered, but her husband had the sale stopped by an injunction, claiming that he, not his wife, owned the property.

At Scranton, recently, a baby carriage which had been left standing on the sidewalk by its juvenile attendant while he gazed in a show window, was started off by a gust of wind and rolled beneath the feet of a horse. The animal kicked the little vehicle to pieces, but luckily didn't injure the child occupant in the least.

Near Tomarora, Ill., one day recently, a little child of Mr. Vaughman, was set in its high chair at the table while its mother was getting dinner. A chicken came in at the door and flew upon the table. Mr. Vaughman threw a case knife at the chicken; the knife glanced and struck the child in the forehead, cutting a gash near the temple about an inch and a half long. The child lived about a week and then died.

A gentleman in London thoughtlessly omitted to remove his cork legs before bathing. The laws of nature are seldom suspended in behalf of individuals, and they were not in this case. The gentleman was suspended instead. In the water the legs at once assumed a superior position and maintained the upper hand of the gentleman, so to speak, in spite of his most violent struggles. He would have been drowned had it not been for timely assistance.

HER TITLE DEEDS.

BY A. M. FELLOWS.

Inside the cottage door she sits
  Just where the sunlight, softest there,
Slants down on snowy kerchief's bands,
  On folded hands and silvered hair.

Poor are her cottage walls, and bare,
  Too mean and small to harbor pride,
Yet with a musing gaze she sees
  Her broad domains extending wide.

Green slopes of hills, and waving fields,
  With blooming hedges set between,
Through shifting veils of tender mist
  Smile, half revealed, a mingled scene.

All hers—for lovingly she holds
  A yellowed packet in her hand,
Whose ancient, faded script proclaims
  Her title to this spreading land.

Old letters! On the trembling page
  Drop unawares, unheeded tears,
These are her title deeds; her lands
  Spread thro' the realms of bygone years.

His Heart's Desire.

BY ELLEN MULLEY.

IT was a lovers' quarrel, but there had been no renewal of love. Both were young, and, perhaps, not very wise. As was natural, the woman suffered most. The man, turning his back on the old place and the old life, went out into the wider world and learned, or, it may be, thought that he was learning, to forget. While for the girl he left, there seemed nothing to do but to remember.

Then, suddenly there had come into her life once more one who had never forgotten. All the love had been upon his side, it is true; but still he had never despaired. His courage, his self-reliance (which was never self-conceit), and his patience were great, even as his love.

"Everything comes to him who waits." He had waited; and now that his opportunity was come, he stepped quietly but boldly in to seize it.

More like an overgrown village than a town—despite its name—Great Wick stood, sheltering itself in the hollow's dip as best it could, between miles of almost untrodden moorland and the wild waste of Northern seas. There it dozed or blinked away according to the season. For, while winter brought its biting winds and furious storms, spring and summer, waking late it might be, brought with them the sunshine and the blue of Southern skies. But the quiet was being broken in upon just now, and even its winter's slumbers were never likely to be as deep and undisturbed again.

A line which had been planned, and, indeed, begun, some three years ago to link its fortunes with the outer world, was being worked upon again; and this it was that brought George Butler, C.E., once more upon the scene; once more he took up his abode in the old house "down street," where Mrs. Pitchforth reigned, and almost fell upon his sunburnt neck to see him back.

Further up the hill the Rectory, grey and weather-beaten, like the church to which it seemed to cling, began to see him again almost daily, as it had done before. The Rector, who was grey and weather-beaten like the house and church, welcomed him eagerly back.

It seemed to take ten years off his own bent shoulders only to look at the upright, well-knit figure at his side, and to realize, as he heard him talk, that there actually was another life than this—a life whose interests were not altogether bounded by old Tommy Robson, who would get drunk and go to sleep on a tombstone; or young Mrs. Ord, who seemed to be always coming with a new, and altogether unnecessary, baby to be christened.

Poor Mrs. Blair, too, the Rector's wife, would look less careworn over the boy's torn jackets, as she heard the cheery tones with her husband's quiet voice in the Rectory passage; and the boys, six in number, would come darting out from all sorts of places at the sound.

The Rector's daughter, who loved them all with such an anxious care—the bent father, the poor tired mother, the noisy, healthy, hungry boys—could not but welcome him too, and be grateful to him. But she knew it was not her gratitude George Butler wanted.

As time went on, Janet Blair began to ask herself if it was not possible she could give him something more. Not, perhaps, the love he wanted, but something in its place, that should content him, and, it might be, bring happiness to herself. For if time had not yet brought forgetfulness, it had brought knowledge.

Like the Rector, Janet's eyes were opened, and she knew that there was life—bigger, wider life—beyond her own. And it was this man—no longer a very young one—with the firm upright figure, and resolute yet kindly face, who had seen and done so much, who was her teacher.

The pinch of insufficient means, with its accompanying cares and sordidness, was known at the Rectory, as in humbler houses in the straggling little town below; but it had not greatly troubled her. It was only for the father and mother she had cared. For herself, the quiet, monotonous life had been sweet enough, for love had touched it. But love, she told herself, had gone out of it forever; and her life stretched before her terrible in its emptiness.

There was one who was telling her almost daily, by looks, deeds, words, that he could help her to live it, and even, in time, bring back to it the old fulness—if she would only let him. And he was waiting for his answer. What if she gave him the answer that he wanted? It was autumn when he had first spoken; he had told her he would wait until the spring—and now the spring had come, and he would wait until the spring—and now the spring had come, and he would wait no longer.

Even from that Northern corner, winter, with its wild storms and lingering snows, had at last disappeared. On moor and upland the fresh grass was springing; the golden glory of the gorse was deepening day by day. Over the glen below, which ran inland from the sea, was the tender green of bursting leaves.

The beck, free from its frozen chain, chattered on once more. Everywhere, around, overhead, was the song of birds. The sun shone, a soft breeze stirred the waking flowers, the hushed waves crept up, and with a faint ripple kissed the gleaming sands. And over all the blue sky stretched pure, cloudless; for the spring was come!

And George Butler was waiting still. He came in one morning brisk, smiling; he seemed to bring a whiff of the sea, the moors, the spring itself with him.

"I want the boys," he said to the Rector, who had them round him in the bare room that was called his study. "Jack, here, is to begin with a holiday. I have brought him back."

Jack was the oldest and steadiest of the boys, and George Butler had just taken him into his office in the town. The boys threw down their books with a whoop. Butler himself went to look for Janet.

He found her in the little sitting-room by the open window, a basketful of appealing socks before her. From the garden beyond the spring sunshine and a little odorous breeze were calling to her; but she worked steadily on. Presently she looked up and saw him standing, big, broad-shouldered, smiling at her in the doorway. Janet found herself smiling too.

"Put those things away," Butler said shortly, with that little tone of command that was natural to him. "We are going to inaugurate Jack's launch in life with a picnic, and it can't come off without you."

Janet hurried the half-mended socks into the basket. Her hands trembled; a pink flush had come into her face. She was telling herself that the time had come. She was wondering, too, if there would be any cold mutton for sandwiches! Poor Janet!

Butler, I think, knew a little of what was in her mind, as to himself, and also as to the cold mutton. He was looking at her with his keen, kindly eyes. What answer, he asked himself, was she going to make him? He should know before the day was much older. Aloud he said:

"You are not to trouble yourself about food, that is my affair—mine and Jack's. We have already ordered the necessary delicacies. I dare say the boys won't find fault with the weight of the basket."

It did not take Janet many minutes to say good-bye to Mrs. Blair, and to put on the shady, somewhat shabby hat; and presently she was in the garden, where Butler was talking to the Rector, and where the boys were kicking up the pebbles, longing to be off. Janet saw that he had taken her light jacket from its peg in the dark, narrow passage, and had it hanging on his arm. Was he always thinking of her, always caring? What should she say to him—what could she say but "yes?"

Down the hill to the town, where Butler's basket was waiting; over the old, yellow-lichened bridge, under which the beck was hurrying; up that other steep hillside, which led them to the east cliff's summit; it was by the west the Rectory stood.

There was not much need for talking. The way was so steep and rough; the boys danced round the two like so many puppies. Then there was a suitable spot to be found; the cloth to be spread; and the basket made to disgorge its contents. But even hungry boys of the best intentions cannot sit and eat sausage rolls and tarts of solid, though appetizing construction, forever.

These young Blairs did all that could be reasonably looked for; but presently—all too soon, as it seemed to one of the lookers-on—there were signs of movement. Irregularly, and perhaps a little reluctantly just at first, the boys strolled off and there remained nothing between the two thus left silently facing one another but the fragments of the feast. Butler got up and gave them a disdainful, somewhat ungrateful poke.

"I don't think this adds much to the beauty of the scene," he said. "Shall we stroll a little higher up?"

The soft, green summit of the cliffs went sloping gently upwards. The two went walking side by side, still silent, as if unconscious of each other's presence. Presently they were standing upon the highest point. How fair and peaceful it all was!

"Why could it not always be so?" Janet was asking herself, with a little sigh. "Why should storms and troubles ever come here, or to anyone?"

In the wide-spreading bay the sea shimmered and sparkled in the sun. Here and there in the far, faint blue were the gleam of scarcely-moving sails and the lingering haze from some passing steamer.

Inland stretched the golden glow of gorse, green valleys, waving woods. Nearer home, farm-buildings, time-stained, red-roofed, nestled, half hidden in the pink flush of blossoming orchards. Presently, from quite close at hand, clear, musical, came the first cuckoo's call. Then Butler spoke:

"Hark!" he said. "Do you know what he says—what it all says?" He did not wait for his companion to answer. He knew she understood him. "What are you going to say to me?" he went on. "What answer are you going to give me?"

Janet's heart was beating hard. She could not speak, she could only think. What answer was she going to give him? The keen grey eyes she knew so well were looking steadily into hers. Suddenly between her and them there came a pair of soft, rather sleepy brown ones, that she knew so much better—that she had known almost ever since she could remember. Her own fell; her face took a half-guilty flush.

"Can't you forget all that?" Butler said, who read her thoughts. "Can't you let me help you to forget it?"

"I know how good you are," Janet said weakly.

"I want to be good to you, if you will only let me; to make you happy. If I want a little happiness for myself too, is that so very wonderful?"

"Do you care for me so much?" poor Janet cried, with something like a sob.

Butler caught her hand, and drew her gently to him.

"My dear," he cried, "I care for you so much that——" the strong man's voice was trembling, the resolute face bent down to hers was wistful, tender.

Janet did not draw her hand away; she could not. She could not send this brave, faithful heart from her. It was love that her life wanted, and where could she look to find again such faith, such tenderness? To Butler hope was already coming. Presently his close-shut lips parted with a smile.

"Well?" he said.

Then Janet, who could not help herself, who thought she was going to cry, found herself smiling too.

"That's all right," Butler said, and drew the passive hand he had been holding through his arm.

"But I have not said anything!" the girl cried, still smiling.

"You have said enough," George answered sturdily, and stooped down and kissed the flushing cheeks.

And then it seemed to Janet that it was all settled—settled for her, and that she had had very little to do with it. When the boys after awhile came trooping back, eager for the production of the cake providently reserved for some such moment of starvation, the sun was already dropping to the west. Half an hour later the retreat was sounded.

Down the heathery slope, and over the old stone bridge once more; into the straggling street, and past the dozen or so of shops, and the one hotel, "The George and Crown," on the steps of which a young man was standing. He was a young man, with a brown, pleasant face, and soft, brown, rather sleepy eyes. He was smoking a cigar, and appeared to be on the look-out for some one or something. Presently he spied the returning group—the big, broad-shouldered man; the girl; the skipping, chattering boys. When they came opposite to him he raised his hat, his face reddened. Butler lifted his hat.

"There is Frank Archer," he said.

Janet bowed.

The boys rushed over to him. Where did he come from? Why had he been away so long? Was he come back to stay?

"I have been knocking about," the young man said a little awkwardly, "and I am come to stay at the old place."

The old place, as the boys knew, meant the queer, rambling house about a mile away, where Archer's uncle lived, and where he himself had been brought up. And then Frank, too, began asking questions.

"How long had George Butler been back, and was he always about with them like that? He had just heard that he was very friendly at the Rectory."

"He comes every day," Jack said, "or nearly every day. And he has taken me into his office, and I am going to tack C. E. on to my name one of these days, Master Frank."

"Yes," said Frank absently, who had no ambitions, only an income. After this he did not seem inclined to say much more; and presently the young Blairs left him, shouting out their good-nights, as they clattered up the echoing, almost empty street. Janet and Butler were nearly home. Neither seemed inclined for talking, or perhaps it was the way which was too steep. In the Rectory garden the Rector was smoking his solitary pipe. He met them at the gate.

"Come in, Butler."

"Can't sir, thanks," George said shortly. "When a man plays all day he must work all night, or at least a part of it."

The Rector turned away a little disappointed.

"Was that right?" Janet's companion asked.

"Was what right?"

"Not to come in. Archer may come up with the boys, and I thought, perhaps—you have not met for so long, not since ——"

"Not since we said good-bye two years ago," Janet said quietly. "But I don't think he will come to-night."

"He will come to-morrow, then."

"And if he does?" said Janet softly.

Butler had drawn her towards him, and was holding her in his strong embrace. "And if he does? Tell me," he echoed.

Janet hesitated a moment, then looked up into the tender, questioning face. "If he does," she whispered, "I have given you your answer."

* * * * * *

Frank Archer went up to the Rectory the next morning, for, of course, it was his old playmate and love that he had come to Great Wick to see. He was feeling a little awkward, a little foolish even, and not at all certain as to what he was going to do or say.

He found the Rector's daughter in the old-fashioned and rather neglected garden. She was in her favorite seat, under the oldest and crookedest of the apple-trees. The faint sweet smell of the opening blossoms came to him sweeter and more familiar with every step.

By the time he reached her it seemed to him that he had never been away.

"You are not surprised to see me," he began. "You knew I should come—after last night, I mean."

"Yes, I supposed we should see you," Janet answered. "Papa is busy, as usual, with the boys, but mamma——"

"You know it is not them I have come to see," Frank said reproachfully, his face darkening.

Janet made no answer. She would have given a good deal just then to have seen poor Mrs. Blair's well-worn alpaca gown coming up the straggling, untidy path.

"I knew I should find you here," Frank went on, "and mending one of the boys' jackets, of course."

And then Frank laughed and felt a little more comfortable, and presently found courage to ask if he might not sit down—which meant in the old seat by Janet's side.

As she made room for him he caught her hand:

"You are going to forgive me?" he said gently.

"You must not talk to me like that," Janet said. "And please give me back my hand. How do you think I am to get on with my work?"

"You are not going to forgive me, then?" the young fellow persisted, half incredulous, half wistfully.

"We were both wrong," Janet answered gently. "Let us say no more about it. It is so long ago. Let us forget it."

"It is my fault, I know," cried poor Frank. "I deserve it all. Oh, Janet, don't you think you could care for me again? It has been such a wretched, miserable time." The lad, who was really believing all he said, went on: "I have always meant to come back. Don't tell me it is too late."

The soft brown eyes that she had seemed to see for a moment yesterday were really looking into Janet's now, and there was something very like tears in them. Whatever had come between them he was her old playmate still. What could she say to comfort him? She laid the torn jacket carefully across one of the grey moss-covered boughs.

"Frank," she said, and put her hand gently on one of his; "I am glad to have you back. Nothing can ever undo the old friendship, but nothing can ever make it more than that again. Do you understand, dear? I, too, have been miserable enough. If I have found some happiness, will you be the one to grudge it me?"

"It is Butler, then?"

Frank Archer's good-looking, sunburnt face was close to his companion's fair one. Her bright, rippling hair almost touched his cheeks; her hand white, slender, still laid on his. The old apple-tree, with its gnarled pink blossom-laden arms, opened itself about the two, and framed them in.

Someone coming up the irregular grass-grown walk stopped a moment to look at the unconscious pair. Then he came on. His footsteps reached them at last, and they turned to look at the intruder. It was George Butler who was approaching. Butler raised his hat, came steadily on with his firm, half-soldierly tread, and then, with a little nod to Archer, stooped gravely down, and laid his bearded lips to Janet's flaming cheeks.

Poor Frank! He got up at once, looking very red indeed.

"I think this is your seat," he said grimly to the new-comer, and with a stiff little bow to his late companion walked away.

Butler took the vacated seat quite calmly, and then possessed himself of the hand just released hand. He felt it trembling as it laid in his. He saw that Janet was looking after the slowly retreating figure with troubled, wistful eyes.

"One must be cruel to be kind sometimes," he said softly. "I have lived so much longer than you, dear, in this criss-cross old world, and it is one of the lessons I have learned."

"Poor Frank!" the girl said, with something like a sigh. "I don't think I could ever be very cruel to him. I have known him for so long—ever since he was quite a little lad."

"And you have never known me anything but a big, rough man?" And Butler pretended to sigh too.

Janet laughed.

"Yes, I can never think of you as anything but a big—no, not rough—brave man; to be a little bit afraid of now and then, perhaps, but always to trust in, to be proud of."

Butler's quiet face, with its firm, almost rugged features, was transformed, a smile played upon his lips, an eager light came to his grey eyes.

"Is that really how you feel?" he cried. "My dear little girl! And I was beginning to be jealous. You will have to be good to me, you know, Janet, though I am such a big fellow. You see, I have been used to having my own way all my life, and I like it. I am apt to be something of a Grand Turk now and then, when I can't get it: so you are warned. I am going to find the Rector now, and frighten him into giving me his daughter. I wonder what Dick will say!"

Dick was number three, and Janet's special boy. Dear, jealous, twelve-year-old Dick, with the fair, tumbled hair; round, rosy cheeks; angel voice; and oh, such dreadfully active arms and legs! It was his torn jacket over which Janet was smiling now.

"As for Archer," Butler was saying, "we shall be seeing him here again by the evening, and in a day or so he will be here all day long; very miserable, no doubt, but enjoying it all nevertheless."

I happened almost as Butler had said. But not quite. Frank did not appear at the Rectory again that day, but he was there the next, and the next, and, indeed, the next! He was there not only all day, but every day. It was the old time over again. It was the old time to him, that is; to Janet, that could never come again.

She certainly was not cruel to him. She treated him as the old friend and playfellow; as she would have treated Jack if he had been sick and sorry for himself. Perhaps it might have been better for him if she had carried out Butler's sterner code of discipline. But that, as she had confessed, she could not bring herself to do.

Butler himself meant to be considerate—to make allowances: but he, too, treated poor ousted Frank very much as he did one of the older boys; took his appearance as a matter of course; greeting him in a free and friendly fashion enough, but putting him aside in a fashion equally frank and friendly when he found him in the way, as he not unfrequently did.

Archer did not return the friendliness. That had been all very well in the old days. Now he preferred to be distantly and frigidly polite; at times, it must be confessed, he was only sulky—of both of which conditions Butler appeared equally unconscious.

He was, however, beginning to tell himself that the Rectory had seen about enough of Mr. Archer; that it might be better for all, perhaps, if for the future it saw a little less of him. He was turning over in his mind how he could best convey so much to Janet, when an event occurred which for the time stopped further action. Business suddenly called Butler away, and kept him away for nearly three weeks. He left more unwillingly than he would have cared to own. Time, and even events, as we all know, can go on very well without us. It is we, sometimes, who suffer.

* * * * * *

It was the evening of the day of Butler's return. He made his way at once to his own quarters, where he found Mrs. Pitchforth looking out for him, and the fatted calf, so to speak, ready to be served.

"Glad to see you back, sir," Mrs. Pitchforth remarked for the second time, as the feast spread, she gave the table-cloth a final and wholly unnecessary pat.

"Thank you, Mrs. P.," Butler made answer, also for the second time.

Mrs. Pitchforth squinted at the unoffending cloth, and then administered another and still more superfluous pat.

"Going up to the Rectory this evening, Mr. Butler, sir, if I may make so free?"

Butler turned in his chair and looked in his landlady's motherly face. "What is it, old woman?"

"Oh, there ain't nothin' amiss, not as I knows on. But there," she went on hurriedly, "I should jest go up if I was you, sir. Miss Janet 'll be lookin' out for you; and there ain't a truer or a lovinger 'art. But Mr. Frank—well, you see I've known 'em both from quite little 'uns, and he ain't nothin' better than a hot headed lad even now. And—well it ain't no use beating about the bush, and it's time you was back, and that's the truth."

Honest Mrs. Pitchforth had "done" for George Butler ever since he had first come to Great Wick, and to her he was the best and most wonderful of gentlemen. Butler, on his part, had a great respect and even admiration for his landlady. He was accustomed to her advice and interference in his affairs; it was only a part of her care of him, and he took it all as a matter of course.

"Well, Mrs. P.," he now said, when she had come to a stop, "if you have quite finished, you can retire."

"Tain't nothin' to laugh at, sir!"

"No," Butler said, "but I can't cry with you in the room."

Then Mrs. Pitchforth took her departure. George Butler did not go up to the Rectory that night, as he had certainly intended. He sat smoking his pipe in Mrs. Pitchforth's dim, low-ceilinged room instead.

Smoking and thinking. Thinking of all that had happened in the past few weeks, of Mrs. Pitchforth's words, and telling himself that he would go to Janet the first thing in the morning. But when morning came, the first thing he did was to look in at the office close by. He found Jack already there with the place to himself, and hard at work drawing engines of unheard-of power all over a sheet of office blotting-paper.

"Hullo!" Jack cried, and jumped down from his high stool.

"Well, Jack, how goes it?"

"Oh, all right—down here, that is," Jack corrected himself.

"What do you mean?" asked Butler, sharply.

"Eh! oh! well up there, you know," and Jack gave his head a little jerk.

"What about up there; can't you speak out?"

"Yes, I can," said Jack unexpectedly, "and it's about time someone did. I—in fact I thought of writing to you," and Jack put his hands in his pockets, and drew himself up in a very business-like way indeed.

Butler, who was standing with his back to the room looking out of the window, made no answer.

"It is that fellow, Archer," Jack went on, "not but what I like Frank; but it's sickening, that's what it is! What's he always moping about our place for, so that one can't get a word with one's own sister?"

Still George Butler made no answer.

"Are you going up now, sir?"

Butler turned. "No," he said slowly. "I am going up to Bowlby to see how the work gets on." Then the door swung to after him, and Jack went thoughtfully back to his high stool and his engines.

Butler found everything going on satisfactorily at Bowlby, where the new line was being made. By two o'clock his inspection was finished, and he was ready to start for home. Then someone unexpectedly stayed him, and it was three o'clock before he was set at liberty. He had come over the cliffs from Great Wick, leaving the longer and not always available route by the sands for his return. And now as he set his face towards home, time and tide, the unlooked-for delay, had alike passed from Butler's mind.

He was busy with his own affairs. Mrs. Pitchforth's motherly warning, Jack's bluntly expressed dissatisfaction, what did they mean? Had he still been blind—too confident in himself? What if this young girl's heart had never been really his? And what, ah! what, if meaning to be true, the old love, and latterly the return of the old life, had been too strong for her?

If that were so—and it came upon him suddenly now with a horrible force that it was so—there remained only one thing to be done. He was a man given to the having of his own way, even to the cutting of it through the untrodden and almost unknown wilds of far-away continents, and he liked it, as he had said. But not to the having it at the cost of those he loved. "His heart's desire" meant something more to him than that.

It was not Janet Blair only he had set his heart upon winning, it was her heart he had meant to win; her happiness he had meant to make his own. If he had failed in that, he had failed in all. He had asked for bread, what if it were a stone that had been given him?

Suddenly something, the cry of a sea-bird, the fall of loose shale from the cliff's face, perhaps, startled him, and brought him to himself. He looked around him. He was walking much nearer the cliff's foot than he had any idea of, and close upon his other hand the sea! Wave upon wave the tide was rushing in, sweeping itself fiercely back, only to spring with a hungrier roar upon the last lessening sands.

Its sullen thunder was in Butler's suddenly awakened ears plainly enough now. For a moment even his brave heart stood still. He gave one look behind him. The last point that he had passed in the curving bay lay hidden in a wild swirl of waters.

On his left rose the tall cliffs, straight and sheer, with scarce foothold for a bird. At his right was the hurrying sea—wide, desolate, with not a sail in sight. His one chance of escape lay before him, and in a quarter of an hour or less even that would be lost to him. Butler tore off coat and waistcoat, and prepared himself to run. It was a race between himself and death, and he knew it.

He had lessened the distance by some hundred yards, when there came a cry, not a sea-bird's this time, not his fancy merely, for it came again—faint, but unmistakeable. It was his own name Butler heard. He stayed his steps as though he had been shot. At the cliff's foot, almost at his own, half sitting, half lying, as if he had fallen there, was the man he had been thinking of but a few moments since—Frank Archer!

"Good Heaven, man!" Butler panted, "what are you doing here? Get up, lad, for your life!"

"I can't," Archer groaned. "I have broken my ankle, I think—slipped on the rocks." His face was white and drawn; he looked as if he were going to faint.

The elder man stood looking round him for one moment—no living thing in sight! The next he was down on his knees by his companion, his back towards him.

"Put your arms round my neck," he said quietly.

"No," cried Frank sharply, the color rushing back into his face, although the other could not see it. "Save yourself, Butler, you can. I ought never to have called you back. Say good-bye, old fellow, and—and if I have not made myself very pleasant lately——"

"You're making yourself a deal more unpleasant now, and as time is short and I have no particular fancy for being drowned"—and without waiting to complete his sentence, Butler had got Archer, passive now, upon his back, and was running for the lives of two. Running his very hardest—death at his side keeping up with him step for step.

Nearer and nearer the hungry waves, until at last they bathed them in their spray—the distant point that lay between them and safety distant still. Bit by bit the line of rocks that formed the barrier of the bay was swallowed up and lost, and still on with straining eyes and short, sharp-drawn breaths, Butler panted beneath his burden. There was no word between them.

Nearer and nearer still—the awful sea about their very feet now. Nearer, a little nearer, the distant point. But what of that? Dear Heaven! what of that with all hope gone—lost with the last dark glistening head of rock—where for a moment the sunshine played—beneath the swirling waters!

Then, for the first time, Butler stopped. Archer slipped from his shoulders to the wet sands and sat, his face covered with his hands. Butler stood stiff, upright, no sign upon his rugged face; his arms crossed upon his still heaving breast. And then—then into the broad sunshine round the distant point, there crept a red-brown sail.

* * * * * *

In the Rectory garden Janet was waiting for her lover. The afternoon was wearing into evening and still he did not come. Janet went over to the low, broken-down old wall, from which beyond the fields and cliffs a wide view stretched of heaving sea, darkening now in the fading light.

She knew that he was back again, for Jack had told her; and presently here was Jack himself. He was looking very hot and excited. He could not speak, he stood for a moment scarcely able to draw his breath. The girl put out a hand and caught him by the shoulder.

"What is it?" she cried in a frightened whisper. "Why don't you speak to me, Jack?"

"It's Butler and Frank," gasped Jack. "They've been caught in Deadman's Bay, and Frank—don't, Janet! Janet! they're all right, I tell you," cried poor, scared Jack.

"Go on," said Janet hoarsely.

"Oh yes, I'll go on; but you scared me going while like that, and Butler particularly said I was not to frighten you."

Janet gave a faint smile.

"That's right," said the boy. "Here, lean against the wall."

And then Jack told his story.

"Oh, Janet!" he cried, his young eyes flashing, "what a brick he is! Frank says he believes he might have saved himself at the very last, if he only would have left him. And fancy old half-seas-over Robson coming along in the very nick of time. He may go to sleep on all the tombstones at once if he likes after this."

The next moment Jack threw up his hat with a shout. Butler was coming up the path. His face was set and grave. He gave a quick, keen look from Jack to Janet—Janet, whose face had gone white again—whose lips were trembling.

"You have been frightening her," he said sharply.

"I didn't mean to," Jack cried. "I told her you were safe—you and Archer."

"Ah yes, Archer!"

There was something that sounded like a catch in Butler's breath. He was looking at Janet still, frightening her more than Jack had done. Jack looked a little frightened, too. He knew something of what was amiss. Perhaps he had better not have spoken as he did this morning after all. And presently, feeling not a little guilty, Jack took himself away.

Butler's heart was beating in great heavy throbs. Janet had turned from him, and was gazing with unseeing eyes over the sleeping fields, with the darkening sea beyond. Archer's name; Butler's voice; his white, set face had told her all. She was feeling crushed, blinded, helpless. Suddenly, the new sweet life was gone, and there was nothing left for her to do.

Had the quiet dead close by ever felt like that? she wondered. How peaceful they were now! How peaceful it all was! It was only these two human hearts that throbbed hot, restless, passionate; eager for happiness; crying out in the silence, a little blindly, perhaps, against life, its pain, its disappointments.

And still the quiet heavens looked down unheeding of it all. Overhead the stars were already twinkling; behind some distant woods the moon had risen. Not the rustle of a wing in bush or hedge. No sound save the faint lap and ripple of the falling tide. It was Butler's voice that broke the silence.

"Janet," he said gently, "you do not think that I am here to blame you. It is I that have to be forgiven. I ought to have known, to have seen, as others did. But I was wanting my own way, you see, dear. I warned you of it on the day when——"

Something in the memory of that day, something in the pretty, girlish figure standing a little removed from him; a strange, almost desolate look, drew him a step nearer.

"Janet, my love, my darling, speak to me! Must I go? Is it to be 'good-bye,' or do you bid me stay? Only one word, my dear, to stay or go?"

At his passionate cry the young girl turned.

"Not that, not that!" she cried, and put out soft, entreating hands.

Butler caught them. A moment more and she was sobbing, laughing, on his breast.

Someone was coming up the moonlit path; someone singing in a clear, boyish treble:

"And He shall gi-ive thee thy hear-art's desire."

Butler had heard fair-haired Dick sing it in the old church only three weeks ago. It was Dick's young voice that was singing it now; and Dick himself was presently calling to the two.

"Coming!" Butler cried.

And then unconscious Dick went sauntering back in the moonlight. "And He shall give thee thy heart's desire," went the fresh young voice once more, and presently was lost. But its echoes floated on, not only on the quiet night, but through the happy, hopeful years that smiled beyond it.

PAPER BOTTLES AND CATS.—Paper bottles are the latest outcome of the State that produced the celebrated wooden nutmegs; but people have ceased to wonder, for if blankets and railway carriage wheels can be made out of paper, there seems no reason why bottles should not be made out of the same material. But the company that makes these bottles is cutting its own throat, for it advertises its goods as unbreakable. No man who suffers from cats in the back garden will ever be so mean-spirited as to allow an unbreakable paper bottle to come into his house.

Of all the diseases that the city man is subject to, cats in the back garden is the most acute, and as long as the common glass bottle serves as a handy and instantaneous cure, the paper bottle will never come into general use. Imagine hurling a stupid paper concern at two squalling cats: they would turn up their noses at such a missile, and quarrel all the more for the honor of presenting the thing (with renewed squawks), to the tabby of their affections. No, the glass bottle is good enough for the ordinary householder.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER DEATH.—Greek scholars recollect the pathetic story in Herodotus about the daughter of King Mycerinus, who, in dying, made her father promise to let the people bring her body forth once a year into the sunlight. Ages pass, but human hearts remain the same; all the wisdom of the Pharaohs could not comfort the Egyptian princess against the darkness, and all the wit and philosophy of Goethe's brilliant time did not steel the beautiful and famous wife of a famous German artist against the same feeling of dread and lethal loneliness. Thirty years ago she died, and only three months ago she was interred. Partly fearing to be buried alive, partly moved—like the Nile lady—by some yearning wish for the presence and remembrance of the living, she left orders in her will that her coffin should be made with a glass window, that it should be constantly watched for a month after death, and that then for thirty years more it should be deposited in a special chamber. Her friends have carried out these strange instructions to the letter; and the time being expired for this vain lingering on the threshold of the tomb, they have laid her in her grave at last.

Like a Green Bay Tree.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

THE people of that neighborhood said they flourished like a green bay-tree.

They were young, rich, of good position, birth, appearance; they lived in a lovely old house, the grounds of which were "laid out in ruins," as Mrs. Bunter was so anxious to have here, they were clever, [illegible] so, they were both red-hot [illegible], though husband and wife [illegible] one of staunch Conservative families, but as Eustace Vane was accustomed to remark when the circumstance was noticed: "We are wiser than our fathers."

Those who remembered old Squire Vane and the present Mrs. Vane's father, William Loftus, rector of Vanedene, a village about three miles west of Garthampton, were of the opinion that Eustace Vane was wrong in saying so; but, of course, wisdom must be more or less a matter of opinion, and Eustace Vane, like any other man in that free and enlightened land of liberty, was able to hold what opinions he chose upon that subject, as upon any other.

But it was not on account of their political opinions that the Garthampton folks likened the Vanes, of Vanedene, to the ungodly, who, as the Book says, flourish like a green bay-tree, but because, as a few outspoken ones graphically put it, "they believed in nothing."

They had been married more than five years at the time when my story begins. Of their political opinions they made no secret, neither did they of their utter absence of religious ones. They simply had none; they believed in nothing, hoped for nothing, looked for nothing—that was all.

To such people as attempted to argue with them they were perfectly civil and friendly. They said:

"It is very kind of you to try and convince us of the truth of your religious views, but we don't believe in a world to come; we don't believe in the resurrection of the dead, life after death; we don't believe in heaven, or in the divine truth of the Bible, nor yet in the story of the Gospel. It is all very pretty. If you find pleasure and comfort therein, we have no wish to deprive you of it. We merely wish to be left alone in our belief, which is in this life present and nothing else. We don't go to church because we don't believe in God, and we are not hypocrites. We don't sit all Sunday with our hands folded, because we believe the Sabbath is an institution found by long experience to be necessary for the well-being of a people. We have no desire to hinder you from your way, nor to make you go ours—we only want to be let go ours in peace."

So, at length, left alone on religious subjects they were. Only one lady, having a vivid remembrance of the dead and gone rector of Vanedene, suggested to his daughter that it was impossible she could believe, that she had parted with him for ever when she saw him laid in the narrow house where we shall all lie some day.

"My father was a very good man," said Mrs. Eustace Vane quietly. "He served his day and generation faithfully—his good acts will spread in ever-widening circles down the never-ending ages of eternity. On his grave-stone is written: 'His works do follow him'."

"You have actually quoted the book you profess to disbelieve!" cried her friend.

"I accept only so much of its wisdom," said Mrs. Eustace Vane, with a superior smile—and after that her friend also gave it up.

However, in spite of their heathenish life, they were very much sought after by the Garthampton people. They were intensely respectable. Eustace Vane would as soon have thought of making a hole in the river Garth as of telling a lie, or breaking faith with the very poorest of his tenants. They never quarrelled with each other; their servants remained with them for much longer periods than is usual in these days of change, and when they did leave they never accused their master and mistress of drinking, as is the ordinary way with servants.

True, they played tennis and waltzes on Sunday, and went for long tramps when other people were at church; Laura in a cotton gown, with a basket for mushrooms or flowers, as the season and chance might be; Eustace in knickerbocker suit and straw hat. But they were young and agreeable, so Garthampton folks made a virtue of shutting their eyes to the one proceeding and their ears to the other, and if, among themselves, they sometimes talked in shocked whispers, why, the Vanes never heard of them, and if they had done so would have said: "We are wiser than our fathers."

Such people are not a novelty; they are not entirely an outcome of this scientific age. Did not the wisest of Kings write: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." As for the Vanes, they were truly wise in their own conceit, and continued so, going in largely for the higher education of women, entering with zealous fervor into every scheme that cropped up for the furtherance of science or art.

Mrs. Eustace—as she was still frequently called, though her husband's mother had been dead some time—was an accomplished musician, an artist of no mean skill, and a woman altogether of so strong a grasp of mind that many people wondered how it had come about that her spiritual belief was so lamentably wrong.

She went in for everything in the woman's rights way—in spite of her not being herself a "man's left"; she made speeches at elections, very fair speeches, too, for a woman, who, as a rule, cannot be said to shine in that branch of display. She went heart and soul into certain social questions, which most men would rather have their wives leave alone. She read every book of note that came out, not meaning novels. Then, too, she dressed herself like an old picture, and her collection of antique violins and pots was something absolutely wonderful. Of the pair she had the strongest mind. Eustace Vane repeated all his wife's remarks and theories with a good deal of "haw, haw," which gave them the air of being his own. He looked handsome, and that was about all.

For five years this state of things had continued. There were simple-minded folk in the neighborhood who wondered with a look askance, why the Almighty did not send a judgment down upon them, crushing Vanedene and its occupants at one blow; forgetting that the day of miracles is over, and that God moves in a mysterious way. And there were other simple folk, to whom troubles came thick and fast, who felt themselves aggrieved that life went so smoothly for the owners of Vanedene. What was the good, they asked themselves, of being faithful and believing, if the green bay-tree—otherwise the Vanes—was permitted to flourish under their very eyes? It was enough to dishearten any one.

But after a while there came a change! It crept upon that portion of the world which called the Vanes friends, very gradually. Mrs. Vane's name was withdrawn from prominence in several of the societies in which she acted as president, secretary, one of the executive committee, and the like, and she sank to the comparative obscurity of a subscribing member only. She did not at present feel equal to the duties, she explained.

People wondered a little, and at length the real meaning of it oozed out. There was at last a prospect of an heir coming to the Red House. Then people wondered no longer, but most of them laughed instead, and asked one another what manner of child it would be.

"I should think," one lady laughed, "it will be born with a full allowance of teeth, and be able to play half-a-dozen instruments, and speak several languages fluently."

But it wasn't. It came into the world and squalled—just like any other baby. It gurgled over its food and crumpled up its little, pink, dimpled hands, just like any other baby. It was a very pretty child, even at that early stage of its career, with big blue eyes and soft flaxen hair, smooth as silk.

Eustace Vane went and stood beside his wife's bed, with his hands in his pockets, regarding them both through his eye-glass, finally telling her that they made as charming a picture, by Jove! as he ever remembered to have seen. Then he bent down and kissed her, touching the child with his lips, as if it were an afterthought. And after that he went down to his club, and announced, when he was congratulated, that his small son was a very queer little beggar, a very queer little beggar, indeed.

Strangely enough, neither he nor any one else noticed the change which had come over his wife. She did not recover very fast, and the affair had pulled her down more than one would have thought possible for a woman who could tramp her twenty miles a day and be fairly fresh at the end of it. For many days she lay in her bed or on her sofa strangely silent, resting her cheek against the child's blonde head. From her window she could see the old church and the churchyard where her father slept: the church where, in the days of her childhood, she had prayed and sung Sunday after Sunday, as she never did now. She could see the poor white cross which marked her father's resting place, and she knew by heart the words:

"His works do follow him."

Eight years he had been dead; she had not thought so much of him in all those eight years as she had done since her baby came. How proud he would have been to have seen his grandson—how delighted to have added another to the long list of Vanes in the baptismal register.

"Eustace," she said suddenly, one day, when the child was more than a month old, "I should like to have a dance for the christening."

"For the WHAT, my dear?" asked Eustace, with mild astonishment.

"The christening."

"The child is already named; I registered him as William Loftus Vane. Did I not tell you?"

"Yes, dear—but the ceremony——" she began.

"You don't mean to say," he interrupted, pointing to the church, "that you want to take the poor child over there and water him as if he were a young vegetable and you wanted him to grow the quicker? Or, perhaps, you intend going through the ceremony of thanksgiving also?"

"Oh, no; I forgot," blushing scarlet at his sarcasm. "But I should like a dance, Eustace."

"Dearest, you shall have a dozen dances, if they will please you," he answered, kissing her. "Don't let these morbid fancies get hold of you; you know you are not really strong yet."

So the child was not christened, and Eustace Vane's sarcasm having killed the yearning in the mother's heart, she went in for her advanced ideas more warmly than ever, and the green bay-tree flourished greener and greener. I say, it did seem hard upon the simple folk who had so many troubles.

Upon one point every one was agreed, and that was that when the days of babyhood were passed, the little heir of Vanedene began to prove himself a wonder after all. At five years old he knew as much as a child of ten, or of twice ten for the matter of that; he could repeat poetry in three or four languages by the page; could play violin and piano; had written a story, printed by his parents, who were wiser than their fathers had been, and circulated among their friends; in short, he was an infant prodigy, a fine, handsome, healthy, intelligent child, forced far beyond his years and beyond his strength.

No simple toys were his by day—no simple prayers he said by night; indeed, not one night out of seven did he have the sound healthy sleep childhood ought to have. No, his toys were mechanical models of the most complicated description, and night after night he was kept up till midnight at his mother's parties or at circus, theatre, concert and the like, until the handsome eyes would stay open no longer, and he was carried off to bed, worn out by fatigue, yet too thoroughly excited to sleep.

No one, except his parents, was surprised when little Willie fell ill, as he did one dull and dreary November day, after being up till one in the morning at a child's fancy ball got up for his pleasure. No one was surprised, but his parents were filled with a horrible agony of fear, when the doctors who had been called in to attend him announced the case to be inflammation of the brain and almost hopeless.

Quickly the news spread through Vanedene till it reached the rectory. Then, at once, the rector sallied out and took his way towards the Hall; Mrs. Vane came to him.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"Oh! too true—too true," she sobbed.

"Let me baptize him," said the good man, taking her hand and looking at her with kindly pity.

"It will do no good," she cried. "Oh, my boy!"

"Oh, Mrs. Vane!" he said earnestly, "why will you disregard the truth? It is God who has sent this trouble upon you. If the child is taken can you find it in your heart to lay him over there and leave him forever?"

"Forever," she echoed.

"Can you bear the villagers, amongst whom you have lived all your life, those who have loved the child as well almost as yourself, to say that you buried him like a dog?"

"Like a dog!" she cried in an anguished voice.

"Can you refuse for him—your little innocent child—the glorious inheritance which your husband and you have refused for yourselves?"

"Oh no, no!"

"Show me the way," said the rector, drawing her towards the door.

She led him to the room where the child lay fighting his last struggle with the grim King of Terrors. Eustace Vane stood by the bed, a very haggard and anxious Eustace Vane, utterly crushed by the blow even then falling upon him. The rector did not lose a moment, but even as he took the basin of pure water, which was brought at his request, there was a sigh—a shiver—a sudden opening of the blue eyes—a surprised smile and a murmur of "Mother!"—and then Mrs. Vane sank upon her knees with an exceeding bitter cry, "Too late—too late"—and Eustace Vane realized that they were childless.

Into his mind there came a remembrance of a lovely summer's day, when his wife had spoken of the child's christening—of his own sarcastic words—of the scarlet flush upon her cheek as she heard them—of his frequent boast, "We are wiser than our fathers."

And then there came to him out of the Book which he had despised a message straight from the God whom he had denied: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

THE AMBASSADOR'S DILEMMA.—When Halton, one of the officers at Charlemagne's household, went on an embassy to the Byzantine Court he was invited by the Greek Emperor to dine, and passed by him in the midst of his nobles. There was an established law among the Greeks that no one at the prince's table should turn over the body of any animal that was served up, but that they should eat of the part which was uppermost. On this occasion a fish was brought up, garnished with various sauces, and the ambassador, who knew nothing of the customs of the country, unfortunately turned the fish over, upon which the courtiers, filled with indignation, arose, and, addressing the Emperor, said:

"Do not suffer yourself, oh, Emperor! to be treated with disrespect that was never shown to any of your ancestors. Command that this stranger, who has broken your laws in your very presence, be instantly put to death."

The Emperor sighed, and turning to Halton, answered: "I cannot refuse the request of my lords, but ask of me any other boon but that of your life, and I will grant it."

Halton reflected for a few moments, and then replied: "I will only ask of you a small favor; grant, most gracious sovereign, that all those who saw me turn the fish over may have their eyes put out."

The Emperor, astonished at the strangeness of the request, vowed that he had not seen it done, and had only pronounced on the word of others.

The Empress also was perfectly positive that she had seen nothing of it; and the nobles one after another, made the same declaration. The result was that as no one had seen the offence, he could not be punished for it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is not generally known that in Abyssinia a people numbering about 200,000 have the Old Testament in Ethiopic version and still adhere rigidly to the Mosaic [illegible] nies and laws. They are the children of Hebrew immigrants, who, in the time of the great dispersion, settled in Abyssinia and married wives of that nation.

The results of a national "thought conference," held recently in Salem (Or.), have led to arrangements for a "Whole-World Soul-Communion" on the 30th inst., beginning at 12 noon, Salem time (about three hours earlier for this section), and continuing for a half hour. It is stated that connections have been made in all parts of the world for the purpose. The object and conditions are thus officially stated: Object—Through unity in aspiration and co-operation of thought to seek higher truths and secure universal peace. Conditions—Self must be lost sight of during the half hour of communion and every soul given up to universal love. Be wary on the side of the right and the true!

Physicians are usually free from superstition, and they generally treat with ridicule the class of remedies known as "old women's cures." But we know, says a Chicago paper of high standing, of a prominent member of the profession, now retired from practice, who avers that he cured himself of a rheumatic trouble, of a painful character and long standing, by carrying in his pocket a potato about the size of a horse-chestnut. This he was induced to do by an old lady friend, and the doctor affirms, upon his honor, that it cured him within a few months, and that while the withered vegetable is in his pocket not a tinge of the disease is felt. He does not attempt to account for it.

There are a score of men in New York who are paid as much for their services each year as the President of the United States. $40,000 a year is a very tidy salary. There are hundreds of men who get $25,000 a year salary, and the number who get from $10,000 to $20,000 are legion. Very ordinary men get from $5,000 to $8,000 a year, or as much as the Cabinet officers. Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is paid $50,000. So is Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railroad. Richard M. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, gets a like amount. John Hoey, president of Adams Express Company, fares equally well. President Henry B. Hyde, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, is also on the list.

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is as fond of knick-knacks as a woman. He would not brush his hair otherwise than with an ivory-backed brush to save his life. Eau de Cologne and other perfumes have their place in his bath. To write a note on paper that was not the triumph of the perfumers' art would, in his own imagination, be unworthy of his tastes and position. He has started in life, in fact, as an exquisite of the George IV type, but he is preserved from some of the most obvious pomps and vanities of the "first gentleman's" character by the sensitive shyness of his disposition. The Prince's dress of dignified outfit is a frock coat and lavender or gray trousers. He seldom wears a cutaway coat and even when traveling, hardly ever appears in a suit of dittoes. On the whole, he may be described as a very stately and solemn young man.

A noble instance of profound devotion lately occurred near Paris. A Dr. Laurencan was called in to the help of a young woman who was taken out of the river Seine for dead. After trying all other modes of restoration, the doctor had recourse to the expiration of his own breath, for moving her [illegible] upon his exertion [illegible]. He [illegible] patient for two hours, and at length she began to show signs of life. Exhausted, however, by fatigue, he found it necessary to continue to fan the flickering flame of his patient's life. But every breath that added a chance to her [illegible] brought him nearer to the end of his, and at last he triumphed over the death he was fighting in another, only to yield to it himself, and he sank by the side of his revived patient, himself a corpse.

The immense crowds which assembled every day to watch the young Queen Regent of Spain take her morning dip at San Sebastian annoyed her greatly and she has put a stop to it in a rather novel manner. One of the maids of the royal household, who is about the same size and figure of her royal mistress, was chosen to play the part of the Queen. Thickly veiled and attended by a large escort she went down to the beach to take her morning dip. The loyal but curious crowd greeted her with cheers and raised the shores. The bathers would not dare leave their plunge until sacred royalty had finished its bath and many even went to the length of dipping handkerchiefs in her waves which had come so near the queenly person. A dense crowd surrounded the bathing machine, anxious to catch a glimpse of Queen Christine when she should emerge from the obscurity of that vehicle. All would have gone well had not the unfortunate maid dropped her veil and revealed the hoax.

Our Young Folks.

OLE LUCKOIE THE SHUT-EYE.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

THERE is nobody in all this world who knows so many tales as Ole Luckoie the shut-eye. He can tell tales! In an evening, when a child sits so nicely at table, or on its little stool, Ole Luckoie comes.

He comes so quietly into the house, for he walks without shoes; he opens the door without making any noise, and then he flirts sweet milk into the children's eyes; but so gently, so very gently, that they cannot keep their eyes open, and, therefore, they never see him; he steals softly behind them and blows gently on their necks, and thus their heads become so very heavy.

Oh, yes! But then it does them no harm, for Ole Luckoie means nothing but kindness to the children, he only wants to amuse them; and the best thing that can be done is for somebody to carry them to bed, where they may lie still and listen to the tales that he will tell them.

Now when the children are asleep, Ole Luckoie sits down on the bed; he is very well dressed; his coat is of silk, but it is not possible to tell what its color is, because it shines green, and red, and blue just as if one color ran into another.

He holds an umbrella under each arm; one of them is covered all over the inside with pictures, and this he sets over the good child, and it dreams all night long the most beautiful histories.

The other umbrella has nothing at all within it; this he sets over the heads of naughty children, and they sleep so heavily, that next morning when they wake they have not dreamed the least in the world.

Now we will hear how Ole Luckoie came every evening for a whole week to a little boy, whose name was Yalmar, and what he told him. There are seven stories, because there are seven days in the week.

MONDAY.

"Just listen!" said Ole Luckoie, in the evening, when they had put Yalmar in bed; "now I shall make things fine!"

And with that all the plants in the flower pots grew up into great trees, which stretched out their long branches along the ceiling and the walls, till the whole room looked like the most beautiful summer-house; and all the branches were full of flowers, and every flower was more beautiful than a rose, and was so sweet that if anybody smelt at it, it was sweeter than raspberry jam!

The fruit on the tree shone like gold, and great big bunches of raisins hung down—never had anything been seen like it. But all at once there began such a dismal lamentation in the table drawer where Yalmar kept his school-books.

"What is that?" said Ole Luckoie, and went over to the table and opened the drawer.

It was the slate that was in great trouble; for there was an addition sum on it that was added up wrong, and the slate pencil was hopping and jumping about in its string, like a little dog that wanted to help the sum, but could not.

And besides this, Yalmar's copy-book was crying out sadly! All the way down each page stood a row of great letters, each with a little one by its side; these were the copy; and then there stood other letters, which fancied that they looked like the copy; and these Yalmar had written; but they were some one way and some another, just as if they were tumbling over the pencil lines on which they ought to have stood.

"Look, you should hold yourselves up—thus!" said the copy; "thus, all in a line, with a brisk air!"

"Oh! we would do so gladly if we could," said Yalmar's writing; "but we cannot, we are so miserable."

"Then we will make you!" said Ole Luckoie, gruffly.

"Oh, no!" cried the poor little crooked letters; but for all that they straightened themselves till it was quite a pleasure to see them.

"Now, then, cannot we tell a story?" said Ole Luckoie; "now I can exercise them! One, two! One, two!"

And so, like a drill-sergeant, he put them all through their exercise, and they stood as straight and as well-shaped as any copy. After that Ole Luckoie went his way; and Yalmar, when he looked at the letters next morning, found them tumbling about just as miserably as at first.

TUESDAY.

No sooner was Yalmar in bed than Ole Luckoie came with his little wand, and touched all the furniture in the room; and, in a minute, everything began to chatter; and they chattered altogether, and about nothing but themselves.

Everything talked except the old door mat, which lay silent, and was vexed that they should be all so full of vanity as to talk of nothing but themselves, and never have one thought for it which lay so modestly in a corner and let itself be trodden upon by everyone.

There hung over the chest of drawers a great picture in a gilt frame; it was a landscape, one could see tall, old trees, flowers in the grass, and a great river, which ran through great woods, past many castles, out into the wild sea.

Ole Luckoie touched the picture with his wand; and with that the birds in the picture began to sing, the tree branches began to wave, and the clouds regularly to move—one could see them moving along over the landscape.

Ole Luckoie now lifted little Yalmar up into the picture; he put his little legs right into it, just as if into tall grass, and there he stood.

The sun shone down through the tree branches upon him. He ran down to the river, and got into a little boat which lay there.

It was painted red and white, the sails shone like silk, and six swans, each with a circlet of gold around its neck and a beam-blue star upon its head, drew the little boat past the green wood—where he heard the trees talking about robbers and witches, and flowers, and the pretty little fairies, and all that the summer birds had told them about.

The loveliest fishes, with scales like silver and gold, swam after the boat, and leaped up into the water; and birds, some red and some blue as well and great, flew, in two long rows, behind, gnats danced about, and cockchafers said hum! hum! They all came following Yalmar, and you may think what a deal they must have had to tell him.

It was a regular voyage. Now the woods were so thick and so dark—now they were like the most beautiful garden, with sunshine and flowers; and in the midst of them there stood great castles of glass and of marble.

Upon the balconies of these castles stood princesses, and every one of them were the little girls whom Yalmar knew very well, and with whom he had played.

They all reached out their hands to him, and held out the most delicious sticks of barley sugar which any confectioner could make; and Yalmar bit off a piece from every stick of barley-sugar as he sailed past, and Yalmar's piece was always a very large piece.

Before every castle stood little princes as sentinels; they stood with their golden swords drawn, and showered down almonds and raisins. They were perfect little princes!

Yalmar soon sailed through the wood, then through a great hall, or into the midst of a city; and at last he came to that in which his nurse lived, she who had nursed him when he was a very little child, and had been so very fond of him. And there he saw her, and she nodded and waved her hand to him, and sang the pretty little verse which she herself had once made about Yalmar.

And all the birds sang, too, the flowers danced upon their stems, and the old trees nodded like as Ole Luckoie did whilst he told his tales.

WEDNESDAY.

How the rain did pour down! Yalmar could hear it in his sleep, and when Ole Luckoie opened the casements, the water stood up to the very window sill. There was a regular sea outside; but the most splendid ship lay close up to the house.

"If thou wilt sail with me, little Yalmar," said Ole Luckoie, "thou canst reach foreign countries in the night, and be here again by to-morrow morning."

And with this Yalmar stood in his Sunday clothes in the ship, and immediately the weather became fine, and they sailed through the streets, sailed about around the church, and then came out into a great desolate lake.

They sailed so far that at last they could see no more land, and then they saw a flock of storks, which were coming from home, on their way to the warm countries; one stork after another flew on, and they had already flown such a long, long way. One of the storks was so very much tired that it seemed as if his wings could not support him any longer; he was the very last of all the flock, and got farther and farther behind them, and, at last, he sank lower and lower with his outspread wings; he still flapped his wings now and then, but that did not help him; now his feet touched the cordage of the ship; now he glided down the sail, and, bounce! down he came on the deck.

A sailor boy then took him up, and set him in the hencoop among hens, and ducks, and turkeys. The poor stork stood quite confounded among them all.

"Here's a thing!" said all the hens.

And the turkeycock blew himself up as much as ever he could, and asked the stork who he was; and the ducks they went on jostling one against the other, saying—

"Do thou ask! do thou ask!"

The stork told them all about the warm Africa, about the pyramids, and about the simoom, which sped like a horse over the desert; but the ducks understood not one word about what he said, and so they whispered one to the other—

"We are all agreed, he is silly."

Then the turkeys began to gobble, and the the ducks chattered, "Gik, gak! gik, gak!" It was amazing to see how entertaining they were to themselves.

Yalmar, however, went up to the hencoop, pulled the door, and called to the stork, which hopped out to him on the deck. It had now rested itself, and it seemed as if it had fun to Yalmar to thank him. With this it spread out its wings and flew away to its warm countries; but the hens clucked, the ducks chattered, and the turkeycocks grew quite red in the head.

"To-morrow we shall have you for dinner," said Yalmar; and so he awoke and was lying in his little bed.

It was, however, a wonderful voyage that Ole Luckoie had taken him that night.

THURSDAY.

"Dost thou know what?" said Ole Luckoie. "Now do not be afraid, and thou shalt see a little mouse!" and with that he held out his hand with the pretty little creature in it.

"It is come to invite thee to a wedding," said he. "There are two little mice who are going to be married to-night; they live down under the floor of thy mother's store-closet; it will be such a nice opportunity for thee."

"But how can I get through the little mouse-hole in the floor?" asked Yalmar.

"Leave that to me," said Ole Luckoie "I shall make thee little enough."

And with that he touched Yalmar with his wand, and immediately he grew less and less, until at last he was no bigger than my finger.

"Now thou canst borrow the tin-soldier's clothes," said Ole Luckoie; "I think they would fit thee, and it looks so proper to have a uniform on when people go into company."

"Yes, to be sure!" said Yalmar; and in a moment he was dressed up like the most beautiful new tin soldier.

"Will you be so good as to seat yourself in your mother's thimble," said the little mouse; "and then I shall have the honor of driving you!"

"Goodness!" said Yalmar; "will the young lady herself take the trouble?" and with that they drove to the mouse's wedding.

First of all, after going under the floor, they came into a long passage, which was so low that they could hardly drive in the thimble, and the whole passage was illuminated with touchwood.

"Does it not smell delicious?" said the mouse as they drove along; "the whole passage has been rubbed with bacon-sward; nothing can be more delicious!"

They now came into the wedding-hall. On the right hand stood the little she-mice, and they all whispered and tittered as if they were making fun of one another; on the left hand all the he-mice, who stroked their moustaches with their paws. In the middle of the floor were to be seen the bridal pair, who stood in a hollow cheese-paring: and they kept kissing one another before everybody, for they were desperately in love, and were going to be married directly.

And all this time there kept coming in more and more strangers, till one mouse was ready to trample another to death: and the bridal pair had placed themselves in a doorway, so that people could neither go in nor come out. The whole room, like the passage, had been smeared with sward of bacon; that was all the entertainment: but as a dessert a pea was produced, on which a little mouse of family had bitten the name of the bridal pair,—that is to say, the first letters of their name: that was something quite out of the common run.

All the mice said that it was a charming wedding, and that the conversation had been so good!

Yalmar drove home again; he had really been in grand society, but he must have been regularly squeezed together to make himself small enough for a tin-soldier's uniform.

FRIDAY.

"It is incredible how many elderly people there are who would be so glad of me," said Ole Luckoie, "especially those who have done anything wrong. 'Good little Ole,' they say to me, 'we cannot close our eyes; and so we lie all night long awake, and see all our bad deeds, which sit, like ugly little imps, on the bed's head, and squirt hot water on us. Wilt thou only [us, come and drive them away, that we may have a good sleep!' and with that they heave such deep sighs—'we would so gladly pay thee; good night, Ole!' Silver pennies lie for me in the window," said Ole Luckoie, "but I do not give sleep for money!"

"Now what shall we have to-night?" inquired Yalmar.

"I do not know whether thou hast any desire to go again to-night to a wedding," said Ole Luckoie; "but it is of a different kind to that of last night. Thy sister's great doll, which is dressed like a gentleman, and is called Herman; is going to be married to the doll Bertha; besides it is the doll's birthday, and, therefore, there will be a great many presents made."

"Yes, I know," said Yalmar; "always, whenever the dolls have new clothes, my sister entreats that they have a birthday or a wedding; that has happened certainly a hundred times!"

"Yes, but to-night it is the hundred and first wedding, and when a hundred and one is done all is over! Therefore it will be incomparably grand. Only look!"

Yalmar looked at the table; there stood the little doll's house with lights in the windows, and all the tin soldiers presented arms outside. The bridal couple sat upon the floor, and leaned against the table legs, and looked very pensive, and there might be reason for it. But Ole Luckoie, dressed in the grandmother's black petticoat, married them, and when they were married, all the furniture in the room joined in the wedding song, which was written in pencil, and which was sung to the tune of the drum.

And now the presents were brought, but they had forbidden any kind of eatables, for their love was sufficient for them.

"Shall we stay in the country, or shall we travel into foreign parts?" asked the bridegroom; and with that they begged the advice of the breeze which had travelled a great deal, and of the old hen which had had five broods of chickens. The breeze told them about the beautiful, warm countries where the bunches of grapes hung so large and so heavy; where the air was so mild, and the mountains had colors of which one could have no idea in this country.

"But there they have not our green cabbage!" said the hen. "I lived for one summer with all my chickens in the country; there was a dry, roomy ditch in which we could go and scuttle, and we had admittance to a garden where there was green cabbage! Oh, how green it was! I cannot fancy anything more beautiful!"

"But one cabbage-stalk looks just like another," said the breeze; "and then there is such wretched weather here."

"Yes, but one gets used to it," said the hen.

"But it is cold—it freezes!"

"That is good for the cabbage!" said the hen. "Besides, we also have it warm. Had not we four years ago a summer which lasted five weeks, and it was so hot that people did not know how to bear it? And then we have not all the poisonous creatures which they have there! and we are far from robbers. He is a good-for-nothing fellow who does not think our country the most beautiful in the world! and he does not deserve to be here!" and with that the hen cried—"And I have also travelled," continued she; "I have gone in a boat above twelve miles; there is no pleasure in travelling."

"The hen is a sensible body!" said the doll Bertha; "I would rather not travel to the mountains, for it is only going up to come down again. No! we will go down into the ditch, and walk in the cabbage garden."

And so they did.

SATURDAY.

"Shall I have any stories?" said little Yalmar, as soon as Ole Luckoie had put him to sleep.

"In the evening we have no time for any," said Ole, and spread out his most beautiful umbrella above his head. "Look now at the Chinese scene!" and with that the whole inside of the umbrella looked like a great china saucer, with blue trees and pointed bridges, on which were little Chinese, who stood and nodded with their heads. "We shall have all the world dressed up beautifully this morning," said Ole, "for it is really a holiday, it is Sunday. I shall go up into the church towers to see whether the little church-elves polish the bells, they sound so sweetly. I shall have all the stars down to polish them."

"Hear, you Mr. Luckoie, there!" said an old portrait; "I am Yalmar's grandfather. We are obliged to you for telling the boy pretty stories, but you must not go and confuse his ideas. The stars cannot be taken down and polished! The stars are globes like our earth, and they want nothing doing at them!"

"Thou shalt have thanks, thou old grandfather," said Ole Luckoie. "Thou art the head of the family; but I am older than thou! I am an old heathen; the Greeks and the Romans called me the god of dreams. I know how to manage both young and old. But now thou may'st take thy turn." And with this Ole Luckoie went away, and took his umbrella with him.

"Now, one cannot tell what he means!" said the old portrait. And Yalmar awoke.

SUNDAY.

"Good evening!" said Ole Luckoie, and Yalmar nodded; but he jumped up and turned the grandfather's portrait to the wall, that it might not chatter as it had done the night before.

"Now thou shalt tell me a story," said Yalmar, "about the five peas that live in one pea-pod, and about Hanebeen who cured Heartsore; and about the darning-needle, that was so fine that it fancied itself a sewing-needle."

"One might do a deal of good by so doing," said Ole Luckoie; "but dost thou know, I would rather shew thee something. I will shew thee my brother; he is also called Ole Luckoie. He never comes more than once to anybody—and when he comes he takes the person away with him on his horse, and tells him a great and wonderful history. But he only knows two, one of them is the most incomparably beautiful story, so beautiful that nobody in the world can imagine it; and the other is so dismal and sad—oh, it is impossible to describe how sad!"

Having said this, Ole Luckoie lifted little Yalmar up to the window and said—

"There thou mayst see my brother, the other Ole Luckoie! They call him Death! Dost thou see, he does not look horrible, as they have painted him in picture books—like a skeleton; no, his coat is embroidered with silver; he wears a handsome hussar uniform! A cloak of black velvet flies behind, over his horse. See how fast he gallops!"

Yalmar looked and saw how the other Ole Luckoie rode along, and took both young and old people with him on his horse. Some he set before him, and some he set behind; but his first question always was—

"How does it stand in your character book?"

Everybody said, "good!"

"Yes! let me see myself," said he; and they were obliged to shew him their books: and all those in whose books were written "Very good!" or "Remarkably good!" he placed before him on his horse, and they listened to the beautiful story that he could tell. But they in whose books was written "Not very good!" or "Only middling," they had to sit behind and listen to the dismal tale. These wept bitterly and would have been glad to have got away, that they might have amended their characters; but it was then too late.

"Death is, after all, the most beautiful Ole Luckoie," said Yalmar. "I shall not be afraid of him!"

"Thou need not fear him," said Ole Luckoie, "if thou only take care and have a good character-book."

"There is instruction in that!" mumbled the old grandfather's portrait: "that is better; one sees his meaning!" and he was pleased.

This is the story about Ole Luckoie.

CHANGE.

BY J. H. S.

Boast not thyself for the morrow,
How little ye know of the day:
The hopes that to-day are the brightest,
To-morrow may vanish away.

To-day you may stand in the sunshine,
To-morrow you'll stand in the shade:
To-day you may gather the blossoms,
To-morrow they'll wither and fade.

To-day you may witness the bridal,
To-morrow you'll stand by the bier,
To-day your rollicking laughter,
To-morrow the scalding tear.

To-day we rejoice in our riches,
To-morrow they'll vanish away;
To-day we cherish an idol,
To-morrow we'll find it but clay.

To-day we have worldly ambition,
To-morrow our hearts will be crushed;
To-day we have pride without measure,
To-morrow we'll bow in the dust.

There are thorns with all our roses,
And tares with all our wheat;
Sunshine and shade in succession,
To-morrow the bitter and sweet.

So we pass through life, not knowing
The scenes of the coming day;
But trusting, we look for the morrow,
For the future looks hopeful and gay.

A CHAT ABOUT WIGS.

Few matters connected with our every-day life have received more reverential or more constant attention than the hair of the head and face of the human kind. The Hebrews, with their short hair (excepting always the case of the Nazarites, whose hair a vow kept long); the ancient Greeks, with hair so long as to win from Homer the distinction of "long locked"; the Romans, more fastidious than even the Greeks, in the culture of their hair—these nations have given to the men and women of our own time some, though not perhaps all, of the fanciful whims and fashions attaching to this certainly not unimportant feature of the human body.

Secular writers, as well as sacred, have kept us well informed of the doings of the ancients in hair culture and decoration. While women did not disdain to dye, curl, and scent their natural, and even to wear false hair, so young dandies and grave statesmen did not refuse to appear both in public and private in hairy and fragrant structures of the most lavish kind.

The Egyptians wore false beards; it is not surprising therefore, to find them wearing a false head-dress. In any case they are credited with the invention of wigs. As they always shaved the head, they could scarcely devise a better covering than a wig, which, while it protected them from the rays of the sun, allowed, from the texture of the article, the transpiration from the head to escape, which is not the case with the turban.

In the wigs preserved in museums, the upper portion of the wig is found made with curled hair, the plaited hair being confined to the lower part and sides. These wigs were worn both within the house and out of doors. At parties the head-dress of the guests was bound with a chaplet of flowers, and ointment was put upon the top of the wig, as if it had really been the hair of the head.

The term wig, a contraction of periwig, is evidently derived from the French *perruque;* but the etymology of the French word is not quite so clear: some derive it from pyrrhic, because the first wigs were made of yellow or reddish hair, which is very doubtful. Fiery-red hair was neither liked in Greece nor in Rome.

Wigs may date back in England from the reign of Stephen. The peruke mania was at its height at the time of Louis XIV. In 1656 there were not less than fifty Court *perruquiers,* whom Louis XIV., by a decree of the Council, declared *artistes.* But a storm was gathering about their heads. The celebrated Colbert, amazed at the large sums spent for foreign hair, conceived the idea of prohibiting the wearing of wigs at Court, and tried to introduce a kind of cap. But the wig-makers carried the day; they proved that more money came to France for the wigs than went out for the hair. Louis XIV. and his courtiers now wore wigs bigger than ever, some of which cost $1,000.

Periwigs were not worn by gentlemen alone. They had long before this period been worn by ladies. Queen Elizabeth wore false hair, and that red. The ladies died their hair of various colors, particularly of a sandy color, in compliment to the Queen, whose natural locks were of that tint. Mary Stuart obtained her wigs from Edinburgh, not merely while in Scotland, but during the time she was a prisoner in England.

"The True Report of the Last Moments of Mary Stuart," sets forth that when the executioner lifted the head by the hair to show it to the bystanders, with the exclamation, "God save the Queen!" it suddenly dropped from his hands. The hair was false; the head had been shaved in front and at the back, leaving a few grey hairs on the side.

The wearing of wigs, says an old writer, is of great use. It saves men great trouble, it makes an ill face tolerable, and a tolerable one handsome. It is said that at an election, when the great O'Connell disparaged his opponent on account of his ugliness, his adversary's rejoinder was: "Let him take off his wig, and I warrant you will find him (O'Connell) the uglier of the two." O'Connell immediately, amidst the roar of the audience, snatched his wig from his head, and there was not a hair between his pate and the ceiling. We are not certain as regards the judgment of the audience as to the comparative comeliness of the respective candidates, but O'Connell certainly had the best of it.

The incident of O'Connell reminds us of a story of Peter the Great of Russia, who was at Dantzic, in the year 1716, on a State occasion, the burgomaster sitting a little below him. The Emperor, feeling his head cold, stretched out his august hand, and took the burgomaster's full-bottomed wig and put it upon his own head, and did not return it until he left the assembly. The attendants of the Czar afterwards explained that his Majesty, being short of hair, was accustomed, when at home, frequently to borrow the wig of any nobleman who happened to be within reach.

The Bishop's Wig.—When Dr. Randolph presented himself before King George IV. to kiss hands on his elevation to the bishopric, he did so without his wig, when the King said, "My lord, you must have a wig." Not until the reign of William IV. did the bishops cease to wear wigs, though one archbishop, necessarily very conservative of old usages, still adhered to it in the reign of Victoria.

English judges and barristers have hitherto not succeeded in obtaining dispensation as regards wigs. Some years ago an eminent counsel, being in a hurry, dared to make a motion, but the judge (Cockburn) sternly said, "I hear your voice, but I cannot see you," because he wore no wig.

The periwig, which had long been used in France, was introduced into England soon after the Restoration. The ladies wore their hair curled and trimmed with the nicest art, and they frequently set it off with artificial curls, called "heart-breakers."

Grains of Gold.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

To him who lives well every form of life is good.

All is but lip wisdom that wants experience.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

Little minds, like weakest liquors, are soonest soured.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good.

To make another person hold his tongue, be you first silent.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Happiness and unhappiness are qualities of mind, not of place or position.

Pitch upon the best course in life and custom will render it the most easy.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and vileness for will.

Laughing, it loud, ends in a deep sigh; and all pleasures have a sting in the tail, though they carry beauty on the face.

The design of self-examination is to discover if we are in the right way, and if our graces are real, and our hopes well founded.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles!

Femininities.

Domestic training cannot begin too early.

"What can I use to clean carpets?" Use your husband.

A young lady's first question always is, "Is he married?"

It is against womanhood to be forward in their own wishes.

Hand-painted coffins are the latest society freak in Boston.

Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

A mystery. How can a girl six inches in diameter get away with a pan of clams eighteen inches across?

Some things a woman doesn't know, of course; but one of them isn't what she thinks of some other woman.

Eve never bothered Adam about the Spring fashions, but she was the first woman to adopt the Fall style.

An O'Neill, Neb., girl fell out of a second story window to the ground and landed uninjured on her rubber bustle.

A little girl who wanted to describe the absentmindedness of her uncle said: "His remember is so tired that he has to use his forget all the time."

To the novel colors invented for women's clothes of "crushed strawberry" and "whipped cream," has been added the color of "slapped baby."

Children frequently squint. If slight, this is easily prevented by bandaging the eye that does not squint, and this will compel the squinting eye to look straight.

"Women seldom stop to think," snarled a cross-grained husband. "True enough," said his wife; "but you might have added that they never fail to stop and talk."

A magazine writer has been discussing the question: "Will the Coming Man Read Books?" Not if he has to nurse the baby while his wife attends women's rights conventions.

A girl looks prettier in a nice lawn dress than she does rigged out like a show window of a millinery establishment. But then nine out of ten girls would rather be the show window.

"My little cat," is a favorite term of endearment with Frenchmen. A Frenchman, however, who applied it to his Yankee sweetheart found that he had stroked the fur the wrong way.

"Ma, may I go over to Maudie's house and play a little while?" asked 5-year-old Ethel. "Yes, dear, I don't care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply; "I've been."

A lump of soda laid upon the drain pipe down which waste water passes will prevent the clogging of the pipe with grease, especially if the pipe is flooded every week with boiling water.

A St. Johns, Mich., lady wears a live sparrow on her bustle when she promenades the street, and receives no end of critical attention, because the people think she doesn't know it's there.

Indian hemp, in doses night and morning of one-half grain, and increased, if need be, to a grain, and continued for some time, is spoken of as a most valuable remedy in the treatment of persistent headache.

Professor Tyndall has proved that atmospheric germs cannot pass through a layer of cotton, and it is now said that preserved fruit may be kept in perfect condition by covering the jar with cotton batting.

A young lady, after six months of blissfully happy wedded life, inquired of a lady friend, possessing experience, how she should best retain the affections of her lord and master. The reply was: "Feed him and flatter him."

Augustus: "And what did she say when she got my note asking to be released from the engagement?" Lawyer: "She said she'd be compelled to bring a suit against you for breach of promise." Augustus: "How that girl does love me!"

A female evangelist in Indiana is telling the girls that not five men in a hundred are good enough for them to marry. The girls believe the statement, of course, but there never yet was a woman who did not have faith in her power to reform a bad man if only she could marry him.

The definition of "wedding" in the fashion vocabulary means a grand crisis of climbes; "bride," a peg on which finery of all kinds is hung; "bridegroom," a sober, black object following the bride, of no account in particular, and yet without whom there would be no fuss and the fun could not go on.

Some time ago in Syracuse, Kan., when the nomination of candidates for councils was under consideration, it was suggested, as a joke, that a ticket composed entirely of women be prepared. The joke went a step further, the ticket was prepared, and at the election recently held came out successful.

A citizen of Arthur Village, Canada, fell from an unguarded bridge into the water, and was saved from drowning by the exertions of Mrs. Drake, who risked her life in the act. She caught a severe cold, and has been an invalid ever since. The man recovered $3,000 from the town, but not a cent of it has gone to the woman who saved his life.

Nature sent women into the world with this bridal dower of love, not, as men often think, that they altogether and entirely love them from the crown of their head to the sole of their feet, but for this reason, that they might be, what their destination is, mothers, and love children, to whom sacrifices must ever be offered, and from whom none are to be obtained.

"Say," said Berkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to anyone about what I was telling you night before last, did you? That's a secret." "A secret! Why, I didn't know it was a secret!" she replied, kind of regretfully. "Well, did you tell it? I want to know." "Why, no; I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret!"

Masculinities.

The best thing for a snob is a snub.

An Iowa tramp gave his name as Samuel Tired.

Bright young men are not necessarily polished.

Mr. Gladstone wears a thick overcoat in the warmest weather.

The average Texan chews his weight in tobacco every four years.

It is a good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first.

A man in Putnam county, Ga., has finger nails over two inches in length.

The clumsier the head of a cane or umbrella the prouder the man attached to it.

Speaking about alacrity, you should observe a clerk tack up an early closing notice on a store door.

The young men who wear pink crossbar shirts and white collars make up the tail of the great procession.

A summer resorter writes home that he retires with the chickens in the evening and awakes with the flies in the morning.

When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sort of a coming down.

Cigarettes are undoubtedly unhealthy; but we imagine if any young man should eat sixty slices of bread and butter a day that would kill him, too.

"How did you break that lamp?" roared Mr. Testy. "Went lighted it, and that broke it," said his wife; "darkness falls, you know, but light breaks."

"Can a man open his wife's letter?" is asked. He certainly can if she does not happen to be around at the time, but if he is wise he will carefully paste it up again.

Some one threw a head of cabbage at a public speaker. The latter paused for an instant, then said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears; I don't care for your heads."

Let no man boast that he is free from color blindness until after he has been sent to the dry goods store to match his wife's black silk and has come out of the ordeal satisfactorily.

A reputable Georgia journal says that a clock down there stopped the moment its owner was arrested, charged with murder, and started again without aid the moment he was acquitted.

"Greasy Joe" Whelan is a local celebrity in Pittsburg, Pa. His claim to notoriety lies in his fondness for drinking crude petroleum. He is fond of the stuff and it seems to agree with him.

No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his window is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane watching for his father when his day's work is done.

O. L. McClellan was saved from striking on his head in falling from a load of hay near Hudson, Mich., by grabbing a mule's tail. He says he wouldn't be saved that way again for a million dollars.

"How much are these flowers?" asked a handsome, well-dressed gentleman. "I want them for my wife." "Really for your wife?" exclaimed la marchande, astonished; "then I'll throw off 50 per cent.

A Kent county, Mich., deputy sheriff was talking to his girl. She wanted to play with his handcuffs. He let her. It required forty minutes filing at midnight to get them off. He had forgotten he had no key with him.

Fame never forgets to write down the petty errors or the vices of great men. Bacon's manners, Pope's rancour, Goethe's inconstancy, and the irritable tempers of the Bronte sisters, are as well-known as their genius.

A man may sneer at the street cars as being too slow to get out of the way of a funeral, but he repents him in profanity and perspiration if he has to chase one half a block and his favorite corn is not in sympathy with the movement.

"The Thracians," says Cicero, "wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Show me the man who knows what life is, and dreads death, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

The late Elisha A. Welsh, the original "Yankee clock man," accumulated in the clock-making business a fortune estimated at $2,000,000. He made millions of clocks, yet it is stated he could not keep the one in his own house wound up the year round.

The young Duke of Newcastle is contemplating holy orders. He will not be the first peer who has become a clergyman; but for a man of his high rank, the Duke's entrance into the church, if he decides upon taking that step, will be regarded as a very extraordinary proceeding by English society.

An Elmer City, Mich., fellow bought a horse for $5 and traded it for a 99-cent revolver. The purchaser sold the animal for $1, clearing 1 cent. His son dickered equus for 10 cents, a chromo, a 25-cent knife and a mink trap. A last buyer paid $2, and the next morning the horse was dead. His body was used as a fertilizer.

Mr. Noitall, explaining how a locomotive works: "You see, they build a fire underneath the floor of the engine, and when it gets hot enough, they put the boiler on and open the cylinder door, and that lets the steam get into the wheels, and away we go. Ladies: "Oh, thank you! We often wondered how it was done."

It is a bit odd, but Paymaster G. R. Watkins, of the United States Navy, embezzler, now in the San Quentin (Cal.) Penitentiary under sentence of hard labor for three years, actually draws a salary of $922 a year while in prison. Under the conditions of his sentence he will continue on half pay until the expiration of the three years, when he will be dismissed in disgrace from Uncle Sam's service.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is one of the best monthlies published in the world for younger readers. Its contents of plenty in reading and illustrations is always of the freshest and best. Published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

Art, taste and liberality could go no further nor produce anything finer in the way of magnificent coloring, printing, pictures, paper and general beauty than the August number of *Paper and Press*, published in this city, by William M. Patton. It is a typographical gem.

The *Eclectic Magazine* for September has a strong table of contents, selected from the leading foreign publications. A collection of Emin Bey's letters from Central Africa throw light on this remarkable man, to whose relief Stanley has gone. Holman Hunt gives an account of the painting of his great picture "The Scapegoat." Other articles include "Gold," "Flags and Banners," "Theocritus in Sicily," a Chinese story called "The Twins," a critical study of Crabbe, "A Kitchen College," "Salvation by Torture at Kairwan," "Contemporary Life and Thought in China," and several other papers. $5 a year. E. R. Pelton, publisher, No. 25 Bond street, New York.

There is enough space awarded to American history in the September *Century*. Besides four war papers, John Bach McMaster sketches skillfully "The Framers and the Framing of the Constitution," a most satisfactory article apropos of the Constitutional Centennial. John G. Nicolay describes the origin and gradual building of "Thomas Jefferson's Home," while Frank R. Stockton, in lighter vein depicts "The Later Years of Monticello," and Harry Fenn accentuates the merits of both papers with his charming drawings. Finally the "Lincoln History" bursts forth into a genuine life with its graphic account of Lincoln's nomination and election to the presidency. The scene in the "Republican Wigwam" at Chicago is described with considerable power and spirit. The other articles, prose and verse are of equal interest, if not of equal importance. The Century Company, New York.

The September *Wide-Awake* has a vivid, valuable, timely article for which it is sure to be treasured, and for which it should be taken into every school-room in America, and into every home. We refer to the "Centennial of the Constitution of the United States," by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs, describing graphically the making of the Constitution one hundred years ago (Sept. 7, 1787), and profusely illustrated from photographs of original portraits and statues and relics in Independence Hall, views of the Hall, and fac-similes of the opening, and the signatures appended to the great document from photographs of the original parchments furnished to the magazine from the state department at Washington. This number has besides the usual variety of stories, biographical, historical and descriptive sketches, poems and miscellaneous matter, that makes it so great a favorite with the young readers, and the illustrations are profuse and artistic. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The September number of *The Forum* has a strong table of contents. It opens with a paper on the "Sixteenth Amendment," by Senator John J. Ingalls, in which he takes decided grounds against female suffrage. Dr. A. H. Jessop tells of "Books that Helped Me," and the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," gives her ideas "Concerning Men." Professor E. D. Cope answers the question "What is the Object of Life?" and Andrew Lang criticises "The Manners of Critics." Other thoughtful articles are "American Geographical Names," by Bishop Coxe; "Great Telescopes," by Prof. Young; "The Gist of the Labor Question," by President John Bascom; "Profit Sharing," by Nicholas Gilman; "Is Canada Misgoverned?" by Thomas White, and "Ignatius Donnelly's Comet," by Alexander Winchell, who considers Mr. Donnelly's theory that the superficial accumulation known as drift by geologists was brought to the earth by a comet. Price, $5 a year. Published at 97 Fifth avenue, New York.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—For the disagreeable sensation known as heart-burn, which so often accompanies indigestion, a saltspoonful of common salt, dissolved in half a wine-glass of water, and drank, is as effective a remedy as a dose of saleratus water, and a much pleasanter and safer one. Rubbing a bruise in sweet oil and then in spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue spots which not only tell tales, but deform. When there is an unpleasant odor about the feet, a small quantity of a weak solution of salicylic acid in the footbath is a sure destroyer of the offence. Many of the patent extracts and bitters are compounded of an alcohol, derived from wood, and this is said to be a peculiarly dangerous form of alcohol capable of producing very serious brain disorder. One of the most treacherous medicines in all the pharmacopœia is the hydrate of chloral, which is so commonly used; cases are reported where 200 grains have been taken in safety, and other cases where ten grains have proved fatal or afforded only a narrow escape from death by timely aid and effort; this drug should never be taken but with the advice and attendance of a physician. Iron articles will seldom rust if they have been cleansed from oil by hot soda-water, and afterwards dipped in hot lime-water and dried. Collodion, spirits of turpentine, and the common salve called oxide of zinc, are each an invaluable remedy to apply to burns and scalds before a physician can arrive to do better than is done, and sweet-oil and lime-water beaten up together make a cooling and healing ointment for them as good as any medicament known.

My Aunt.

BY J. CASSELL.

THE following incident is a strictly true account of an adventure that happened to my aunt, more than fifty years ago. We were all gathered around the Christmas fire, and, as was our wont, after the festivities of the day, were telling ghost stories.

It was a sort of custom in our family to tell weird and ghostly tales on that evening. On this particular night our Aunt Alice was present, and, after some persuading, consented to tell us something that happened to her when a girl.

"What I am going to tell you is not a ghost story. It is an adventure that befel me many years ago, when 'Burking' was a common crime. For those who do not understand, I will explain.

"In those days the opportunities of procuring bodies for medical exposition and instruction were limited. The students and professors were therefore compelled to resort to all sorts of underhand means, such as robbing churchyards and rifling tombs. But bodies could not be procured fast enough even by such means.

"There appeared a man who invented a plan for which he became notorious. A fellow called Burke. This wretch would hire some ruffian to steal up behind a man or woman and throw a powerful sticking plaster over his victim's mouth. Strangulation would shortly ensue, and the murderer would then take the body to some medical college and sell it for a high price, as it would then be free from all fracture. This was what we understood by 'Burking,' and, alas! it accounted only too truly for many of the mysterious disappearances in those days.

"We were living, at the time of my adventure, in the heart of the 'Modern Babylon. One night father and I were left alone in the house, the rest of the family having gone to visit some friends. We were talking together in his study, when he suddenly remembered that he had an important communication to make to my uncle.

"'Oh, child, I am sorry that they have gone out!' he exclaimed.

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Your uncle should have got the letter without fail to-night, and now it is impossible.'

"'Cannot I go?'

"'Absurd! No, child, under no circumstances.'

"'Oh, but father,' I continued, 'you know it is not far to uncle's, and the streets are lighted all the way. I must go. I sha'n't be more than half an hour; nothing on earth can happen to me.'

"I am afraid I was rather fond of having my own way in those days; for go I did, with my father's parting admonition, 'Don't stay at your uncle's, but hurry home,' ringing in my ears.

"My uncle's house was about a mile from ours. There were two ways of getting to it—one, by a road, although it took longer, was well-lighted; the other was by a cross-cut through numerous small streets and alleys.

"The night was cold and damp. After a brisk walk I reached my uncle's, gave my message and the valuable letter, and was about to go, when one of my cousins, running up to me, said—

"'Oh, Alice, can't you stop a minute and see my new dress?'

"'Well, I'll stop one minute and no longer,' I replied.

"But one minute was prolonged to two, and two to three, and still I lingered. The new dress was so absorbing a topic that it had banished my father's words entirely from my mind. I do not know how long I should have stayed had not my eye at last caught sight of the clock. I saw to my dismay that it was half-past nine. The parting words of my father came to my mind, and I was heartily sorry for my thoughtless disobedience.

"'Oh, girls, I must go! Don't say another word! Good-bye.'

"Throwing on my coat and seizing my hat, I rushed downstairs. I almost ran now, in my haste to make up for lost time. Suddenly the thought, 'since you are so late, why not take the short cut?' came to my mind, and I acted upon it immediately.

"There were only a few people in the streets as I walked home, and they seemed to get fewer as I approached what had been pointed out to me as 'Thieves' Alley.' Past gloomy little shops, and past numerous odd turnings, I hurried. Through 'Thieves' Alley,' quiet as a mouse, I stole. I had passed the worst now, I thought.

"I next came to a street bounded on both sides by dilapidated houses. The place was so silent that I heard the echo of my own footsteps. I do not know what it was, but a feeling of impending danger so fell upon my mind that I stopped and listened. The street was silent and deserted. I crept along with eye and ear strained to catch the slightest sound.

"I had reached the middle of the street when I heard a step behind me. Before I could look around my arms were seized, and a terrible weight was pressing into my back. I tried to scream, but my throat seemed paralyzed with fright. I was in the hands of one of the 'Burke' gang! He had been lying in wait for me and would kill me!

"Oh, the horror of that moment! I shall never forget it. The ruffian then began to draw my arms together. I saw his purpose. He wanted to hold my arms with one hand, so that with the other he might put the dreaded plaster on my face. Suddenly a thought came to my mind. If I could wrench my arms free at the moment when he should hold them with his one hand, I might escape.

"Slowly he brought my arms together. His powerful hand was already grasping my wrists, when, with all the nervous passion of despair, I threw my two fists back over my shoulders, and struck the villian full in the face. An oath, followed by a fall, was all I heard. I flew. Girls can run as well as boys sometimes. But, horror! the wretch was following me. Footsteps rattled on the pavement behind. I tore on, but my breath was going. My pursuer was rapidly approaching; still I reeled on, when—rapture never to be forgotten—I saw a policeman approaching; the footsteps behind me stopped. I was saved.

"I gained the highway and reached our house. In order to gain the instant attention of those inside, I thrust my arm through the front window. There was a crash, and I fell fainting on the steps. Father came running out and carried me in, and, after a time, I told him all.

"That is my adventure, and in conclusion," my aunt continued, "I trust that no one of you will ever have to undergo such an experience."

"ANGELS UNAWARES."

How many have ever thought of the "angels unawares" that are near us, and which too often, alas, are slighted? Young man did it ever occur to your mind, while you were treading the path of dissipation, that your mother is an angel unaware, who would gladly direct your erring steps? But no matter how deep you may plunge into the abyss of sin, no matter how great a rascal you may become, you are always the same to her; she is ever the same to you—one of the "angels unawares."

How strange you never recognize her as such, the dear, kind mother, whose love comes nearer the Divine than any other affection the earth can know. If you but let her sweet voice warn you when the temptation to do some wrong came; if you but heeded her wiser, better heart when she said, "My son, beware of that step, it leads to wrong. Shun those associates, they can teach you no good, but will lead you to form those habits which are so ruinous to the development of a noble manhood." Then if you paused to weigh those words of her who is your angel unaware, what pain, misery and disaster you could save yourself.

But too frequently you say, "Oh, mother is too good," and rush heedlessly into that slimy pool from which her voice was used in love to shield you. Do not slight the angel presence that so glorified your boyhood, and made your childhood one long gleam of joyousness, now that you are a man and traveling the world's cold ways; for all too soon will come a time when you may reach out your arms imploringly for that neglected love of the most faithful heart to man, but find only vacant air, for she has gone where her angelhood will be eternal.

Young lady, the same "angels unawares" are yours. Regard your mother as one. If she is all that a faithful, loving mother should be, she can never direct you wrongly. Obey her in all things. Give her your full heart and confidence next to your God. Cherish her tenderly. Does she not deserve to be? Though you may win the whole world's contempt, that mother is your forgiving angel still, and will not forsake you. AD. H. GRISON.

BIG CLAMS.—A traveler among the South Sea Islands gives an account of huge clams—so big that a single shell makes an admirable bath for a child—the very touching of which is sometimes attended with fatal consequences. Diving for clams generally falls to the share of the women, and many a one has met her doom from getting nipped by the ponderous, dentated shell, and so held prisoner in the depths, never to rise again. I heard several horrible stories on this subject in Fiji, and here a new one is added to the list. Quite recently a poor fellow, fishing, dived to the bottom of the lagoon, feeling for pearl oysters, when he unluckily slipped the fingers of his left hand into a gaping clam-shell, which closed and held him as in a vise. The shell lay in a hole in the coral, so that it was impossible to reach the byssus by which it was moored in that safe harbor; the wretched man, in agony of mind and of body, severed his own fingers with his knife, and rose to the surface, having indeed escaped drowning, but being maimed for life. There have been other cases where a diver thus imprisoned, has, with greater deliberation, contrived to insert his knife into the shell, and so force it open sufficiently to release his other hand.

A MODEL PRAYER.—"Give me," said an ancient, "whatever may be good for me, though I should neglect to pray for it; and deny me whatever may be hurtful, though I should ignorantly make it the object of my supplications." This may be called a laconic prayer. It has always been much admired. The perfect resignation to the Divine Will which it implies, renders it a model for the imitation of Christian piety.

METHODS IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

"Although you can pick up a bargain now and then in an auction room," remarked a shrewd speculator in second-hand goods, "it doesn't pay a man to attend sales who wants only a few articles. If his time is at all valuable it is better for him to buy new goods at a regular store. The legitimate commissions of auctioneers would never make them rich, so they resort to all manner of schemes to turn a penny. The men who are continually informing the bidders that the reputation of the house is a sufficient guarantee that all articles are exactly as represented are usually the greatest schemers. When an auctioneer sees an article going at a very low figure, and thinks he can do better with it some other day, he knocks it down to one of his agents. I visited a room four times recently, and each time I saw the same identical article put up and knocked down to the same bidders. The auctioneer probably bought out a private residence, and the articles will be put up regularly twice a week until some outsider will make a bid above the limit set on them.

"When a stranger enters an auction room one of the agents will casually draw him into conversation and find out what he is after. If the person wants to buy several articles he has the first thing he bids on knocked down to him very cheap. This encourages him with the hope that he is going to make some excellent bargains, but when all the things are bought he will find that he has paid just as much, if not more than they are worth.

"The optical illusion scheme has brought many a greedy person to grief. This scheme is best worked with crockery. A long table is covered with dishes of all kinds, set out so as to show to the best advantage. The auctioneer will point to the table and ask how much he is bid for that fine dinner set. The sum offered will seem ridiculously low for so much stuff, and some one will jump at the bait. The bidder, of course, is under the impression that he has bought everything on the table; but after the auctioneer has sold therefrom a breakfast set, several fruit dishes, a tea set, a tete-a-tete, an invalid's set and a lot of other things, he will find that his fine dinner service has dwindled down to very small proportions."

LEFT-HANDEDNESS.—Left-handedness is a purely human attribute, and probably arose gradually from the use, by the earliest races of men, of the right arm in fighting, while the left arm was reserved to cover the left side of the body, where wounds, as their experience showed, were most dangerous. Those who neglected this precaution would be most likely to be killed; and hence, in the lapse of time, the natural survival would make the human race in general "right-handed," with occasional reversions, of course, by "atavism," to be left-handed, or more properly, the ambidextrous condition. The more frequent and energetic use of the right limbs would, of course, react upon the brain, and bring about the excessive development of the left lobe, such as now generally obtains. The conclusions from this course of reasoning are very important. Through the effect of the irregular and abnormal development which has descended to us from our belligerent ancestors, one lobe of our brains and one side of our bodies are left in a neglected and weakened condition.

SOMETHING FORGOTTEN.—A schoolmistress in a village school was perseveringly endeavoring to instil into one of her pupils the fact that five and four make nine. "Now, Johnny, look here, you have five buttons on your jacket and four on your waistcoat; how many are there altogether?"

Looking down for a few seconds he appeared to be studying; then, raising his eyes and his right hand simultaneously, whilst an eager wave of intelligence rose to his face, he exclaimed—

"Please, ma'am, thor's some more on me trousers!"

CIVILITY is the least price we pay for things, and repentance the highest.

WANAMAKER'S

In all the world no store so big as WANAMAKER'S; in all America no Dry Goods business so great. Having the best thing at the least price is what has done it.

INDIA SILKS:
Cream ground, stripes of pansy and rose flowers, reduced from $1 to 75c.
White ground, with miniature roses and sprays, reduced from $1.50 to 75c.
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Reduced from $4.50 to $2.50.
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Reduced from $4.50 to $2.50.
Reduced from $6.00 to $3.50.

JERSEYS REDUCED HALF.
Were $1.00; now 50c; were $1.50; now 75c; were $2.00 now $1.00; were $3.00; now $1.50; were $3.50; now $1.75; were $4.00; now $2.00; were $5.00; now $2.50.

Women's Black Stockings, fast colors, 25c.
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Send a letter for what you want, you'll likely do as well as if you came yourself.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

WISDOM IN AGE.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play;
When there is a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire;
Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.

There's no use in crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes out to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind, and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A mine is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known;
Who live in a glass-house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall in the ditch;
It's better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire;
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silvern, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool that is old.

U. N. NONE.

A crying evil—Taking the baby to the theatre.

Taking a receipt—Getting your trousers mended.

When the old man lights up the lover lights out.

A ten-totaller—The tea merchant's accountant.

A polly-tickle movement—Scratching a parrot with a straw.

The man who always pays down will never be called upon to settle up.

Although the hen is proud of her little ones, yet she loves to sit on them.

A Nevada man who started out to look for a grizzly bear found him in time for dinner—the bear's dinner.

In your opinion the difference between a deserved snub and a snob depends entirely upon how people use it.

Jim Jams is the son of Jamboree. This the genealogists who have climbed the family tree declare to be a fact.

The Michigan man who tried to light a fire with some wood from a box that contained nitro-glycerine succeeded, but he can't do it again.

A man will do almost anything to increase the happiness of the woman he loves except to leave her when she wants to get rid of him.

A Chicago minister preached last Sunday on "What can I do to be saved." It would seem that about the first move would be to get out of Chicago.

The American servant girl patent bed at a certain hour in the morning pitches her out, dresses her, carries her downstairs and shows her how to start the fire.

"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me." "Well, Thomas, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

Amateur actor: "Don't you believe in encouraging amateur theatrical entertainments, Jacky?" Jack: "Oh, yes. I see that an amateur actor was shot in Mississippi last week."

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of the editor. "I make bold to ask because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

A bow-legged man was standing before the stove warming himself. A small boy watched him intently for a while, and then broke out: "Say, mister, you're standing too near the fire. I guess you're warping."

"Patrick, do you know that you talk too much?" "Oi do, sor." "Well, if you'd make it an unvarying rule to keep your mouth shut don't you think you would get along better?" "Faith, sor, Oi'd starve to death, sor."

"Mother," said the 5-year-old demon just as Mrs. Oldboy was preparing to leave home on a six weeks' visit, "what's become of the fur you used to wear last winter?" "Locked up, Willie. Why?" "Say, has wings growed on it?" "No; why do you ask such silly questions?" "'Cause I heard pop say this morning he would make the fur fly while you are away." The trunks were at once unpacked, and the look that came into Mrs. Oldboy's face made the clock strike 34.

Two brave young ladies, while alone one evening recently, were rehearsing how they would despatch a burglar if one suddenly appeared in the room. One of the heroines was armed with her brother's sword and the other flourished a hatchet. In the midst of the rehearsal a "frightful monster" in the shape of a mouse ran across the floor, when one of the young girls incontinently fainted and the other smashed a mirror in attempting to climb upon the sideboard.

WHITE HEATHER.

In the Highlands of Scotland, where the white heather is found at exceedingly rare intervals, it is looked upon as a bringer of luck, and in some parts of Scotland she would be thought a rash bride who went to church without it. There is a saying, "Happy is the married life of her who wears the white heather at her wedding." Among those who go out early upon the hills to look for white heather, the saying is common, "who finds keeps." The searchers are many; but few find it, even when it is wanted to grace a bridal bouquet. There is health, though, in the pursuit, so that the search itself is "lucky," and it is so good-natured as to be a deceptive plant. The pale sprig, here and there, constantly deceives tourists on the hunt for it into thinking that they have stumbled upon real specimens. A blending of blue and purple is the familiar color of the heather flower; but it is to be found in plenty in delicate tints, and in these that deceive the unknowing searchers.

Except in color the white heather does not differ from that which covers all the Highland hills. It is the ordinary flower; but in its virgin whiteness it stands out amongst clumps of purple like a tint-spray of snow. They say in the far North that when the sheep, hardy devourers of the tender stem of the heather, come across it in their grazing, they avoid harming it; that the grouse have never been known to crush it with their wings. On great occasions the table of a Highland chief would be poor indeed without its sprig of white heather. When the heir presumptive reaches man's estate, he wears it for luck; and it is considered the height of hospitality to present it to the stranger guest. If he loses it, he may look out for disaster. A bouquet formed of this rare flower was carried by the youngest daughter of England's Queen, on the occasion of her marriage.

SOMETHING new has been devised, and is now in full swing of Parisian patronage and popularity. Dances are given in which the hostess assumes a nationality. The Parisienne is content for the night to be a Spaniard, a Pole, a Neapolitan; and, as is the hostess, so must be her guests. The mis-en scene is vigorously correct. In one salon you might fancy yourself in Madrid, especially if you had never been there. You have the sarabande and the bolero, the short petticoats, the gay flounces, and, where nature—or art—can supply them, the olive complexion, the lustrous locks, and the rather brilliant eyes of the country of bull-fights; dark beauties are much admired, and Spanish lace is in high request. A few doors off you are in Poland, Chopin's dreamy waltzes giving the music and the slow, swinging step so inexplicable to a Frenchman accustomed to tetotum gyrations. German manners and customs are not yet very popular; but there seems a craze for the Russian mode. On the whole, the Boulevardier boasts with reason that after it has struck twelve he can make a tour of the world in forty minutes.

THERE is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself, or more agreeable to others, than good-humor. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable to life, and of using every facility without clog or impediment. It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favorable light, and disposes us to avoid giving offence. There is a disposition opposite to good-humor, which we call bad-humor, of which the tendency is directly contrary, and, therefore, its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary. Bad-humor alone is sufficient to make a man unhappy; it tinges every object with its own dismal color, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offence where none was meant, and leads to envy, and, in general, to malevolence.

A SCOTCH lady once asked a widowed acquaintance as to the character of her late husband. "What kind of a man was he?" "Well," was the suggestive reply, "he was just an expense."

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For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. *She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose.* Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrhage is very much better and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been *wonderfully benefitted* and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sake we allow our names to be used."

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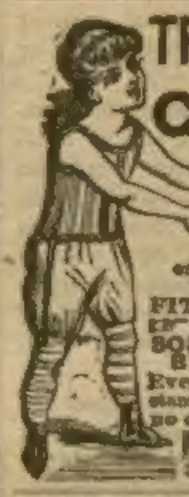
He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.



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GOOD SENSE CORDED CORSET WAIST
and when she becomes
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
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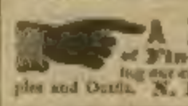

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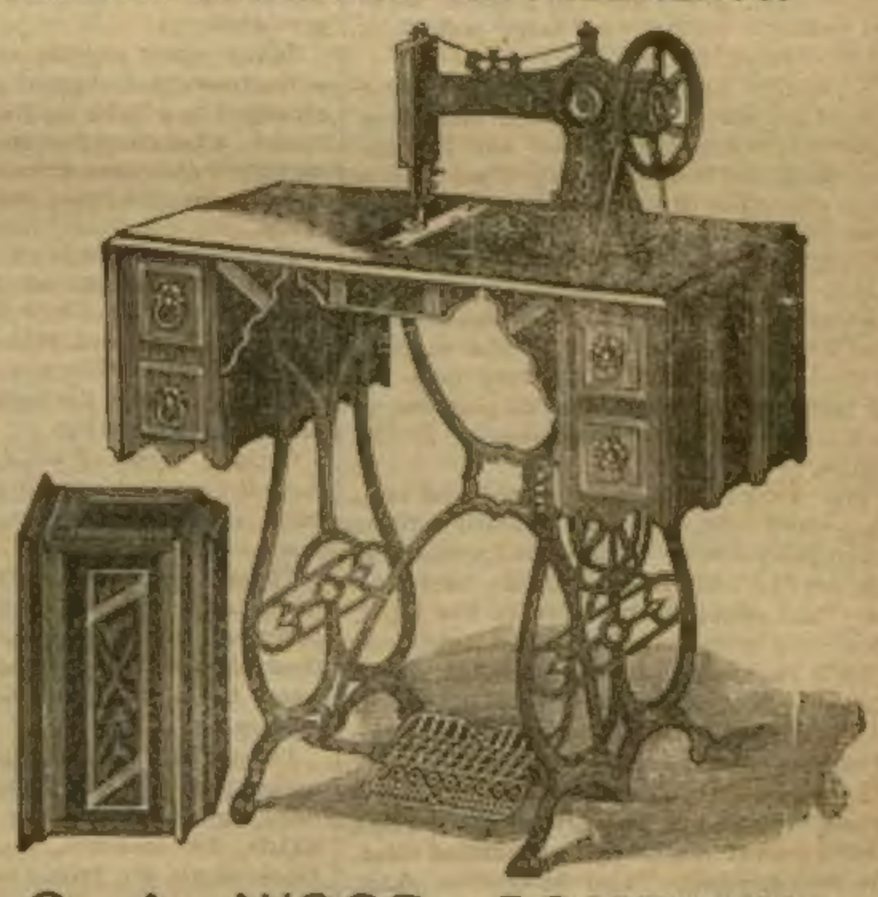

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It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

There was something paradoxical in the rage for red just at the very season when the sun was at its brightest and hottest, and when one would imagine that preference would be given to light, cool-looking colors; yet red had never been more fashionable.

Red dresses are, as a rule, relieved by ornaments in white, cream or ecru, and many combinations are permissible. The most fashionable is that of poppy-red surah or foulard, with ecru, ivory or white surah, which is employed for the wristbands or parements, revers, yoke, plastron, band, epaulets, etc. More elegant toilets are trimmed with lace, English embroidery, or embroidery on silk.

Ladies who find this combination a little too brilliant make the dress of ecru or ivory surah, and trim it with red surah or faille.

Next to these come the costumes composed partly of plain red lawn, silk or foulard, and partly of the same material printed or embroidered with a tasteful pattern in red on a cream, pale-blue, or old mauve ground, or else with a dull yellow pattern on a red ground, Pompadour sprays on a red ground, or a ground formed of stripes in two shades of blue spotted with red.

Other variations of these costumes are those made of poppy or old-red materials embroidered with white, which are stylish and effective, those made of silk, in which mille-raie bands in pink and red alternate with plain red stripes, and toilettes composed of a plain red skirt and polonaise of ecru material with a red pattern.

A style which may also be recommended is a skirt composed of white or black lace flounces, with a corsage of red surah finished off with a deep Louis XIII. lace collar.

When this toilette is completed by red stockings, a straw hat trimmed with lace and red ribbon, and a lace parasol lined and trimmed with red, the effect is very good indeed.

Red is very much used as an accessory color for ornamenting dresses in various shades, especially dark blue. There are many pretty striped or figured red fabrics that are used for this purpose, and economical young ladies, who are wearing out old dresses on the beach, manage to give them a fashionable appearance by the adoption of a fichu and turned down collar of red percale, the whole trimmed with narrow pleatings, and arranged to form a gracefully draped plastron on the front of the corsage. Little girls, in place of these red cambric fichus wear large collars of poppy-colored foulard.

A stylish toilette in black lace and striped red surah is made thus: The long lace tunic is draped on a red silk foundation skirt, and caught up with pleats, which form a coquille drapery on the left side. The corsage, with its long side pieces, and the puffed back drapery, are of the striped surah. On the left side the long pointed basque is turned back to the waist, in order that it may not interfere with the draping of the lace over-skirt. The deep lace collar terminates in front in a full plastron of lace between the open fronts of the bodice.

The second model is in red and ecru chequered silk, and ecru foulard with a small red pattern. This second material is employed for the long tunic, the back drapery, and panel at the side of the skirt. The tunic is ornamented on the right side with a revers of the chequered silk, and the corsage opens in front, and is cut in points at the top over a plastron and yoke of the chequered silk.

Lace and embroidered dresses, or skirts of one of these fabrics worn with a corsage of silk velvet in a bright contrasting color, are very popular. The foundation skirt, like the corsage, is in some bright shade, and the natural flowers on the corsage, and the artificial flowers or other trimmings on the chapeau, correspond with the foundation skirt. Ribbons to match, in long loops and streaming ends, ornament the skirt, corsage and shoulders.

Lace and embroidery are also largely used as trimmings on costumes made of light woolen fabrics, such as voile, grenadine, barege or etamine, with all silken materials, foulard, surah and bengaline, and with printed lawns and cambrics. Passementerie ornaments are less popular, and are replaced by beaded and braided fabrics, which are used as panels, plastrons, yokes, and portions of the sleeve.

Lace waistcoats and plastrons, white waistcoats and chemisettes, are universally worn, and form a pretty finish to light summer toilettes.

The great novelty amongst all these ornaments and trimmings is, however, braiding, which is fashionable on cloth and light woolen materials, on cotton and silk fabrics, and on net grounds. The patterns are extremely simple, and many ladies are working the ornaments for their autumn and travelling costumes.

As a model, we may mention a costume in thin hussar blue cloth, braided with black and worn with a white waistcoat. The pleated skirt has a band of braiding around the edge. The tunic and back drapery are braided in the same way around the edge. The tunic is very short and pleated across the left hip, and caught up a little on the right hip by a braided band falling from the waistband.

The corsage is made with a flat round basque braided around the edge, and the collar and sleeves are braided to match.

As usual at this season some of the new hats are rather fanciful in shape, but very few of the models shown this year are so eccentric as to be remarkable on that account alone; on the contrary, eccentricity for once is only a shade more of coquetry, either in the shape or in the style of trimming of the very pretty and ladylike chapeaux destined to adorn fair heads at the seaside and elsewhere.

A lovely hat for a brunette is of Leghorn straw; the brim is narrow at the back, but wide in front, and turned up all around and lined with velvet in the same shade as the straw. A torsade of gauze to match is folded around the brim, where it touches the hair, and is arranged in a bouillonne drapery in front, kept in place by a silver or steel pin. The trimming on the outside consists of a handsome plume of straw-colored feathers rising from behind the brim in front, and then falling down over the crown.

Another Leghorn hat has a low crown and a wide brim bent in double folds at the back, flattened at the sides and advancing over the forehead in front. The trimming consists of a band of maize and violet plaid ribbon crossing the crown from beneath the brim at the back, and ending in a bow on the top of the crown in front, above a bouquet of yellow and violet iris.

Green wheat or oats veiled with tulle form a style of trimming that is too popular to be in favor with Parisian elegantes, but ripe wheat is sometimes used for a diadem-shaped brim on small capotes of fancy straw.

A bouquet of flowers, tied together with a knot of straw-colored velvet, forming an aigrette in front of the capote, is the only trimming. Sweet peas, corn-flowers, harebells and poppies, marguerites and other late summer flowers, are those generally preferred.

Fancy straw capotes are also trimmed with straw-colored gauze or tulle, which is arranged in a light puffed aigrette in the centre; a bunch of flowers in front of the aigrette and a close wreath of very small flowers on the brim complete the trimming.

The open pointed brim, lined with bouillonnes or pleatings of tulle, is still the favorite shape for straw capotes; but the crowns vary considerably, some are rounded and rather low and flat, others rise straight from the back, like the crown of a tall brimless hat.

Capotes made of tulle or gauze either have the peaked open front, or a diadem brim covered with bouillonnes or with lace.

These pretty little coiffures are so easily made and replaced, that they are great favorites, and many ladies either make them themselves, or trust to their maids to keep them well supplied with the new capotes.

Point d'esprit net is often employed for making capotes and parasols, and is also used for a great many other purposes. Skirts, for instance, made of cream or black surah, are trimmed with a flounce bordered with a gathered frill of the spotted net, either cream or black, to match the skirt.

Charming little matinees of pink, blue, mauve or cream surah are also trimmed with flounces and frills of spotted net; and even underclothing, especially night-dresses and chemises, are ornamented in the same way, or with bouillonnes of net, through which colored ribbon is passed.

Odds and Ends.

A FEW SAVORY DISHES.

[Concluded.]

Savory or Aspic Jelly.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a pint of cold water, dissolve it in a pint of boiling water, add a large teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of French vinegar, and the contents of a tin of extract of meat, dissolved in a gill of boiling water. Wash the shell of an egg before breaking it, beat up white and shell to a strong froth and stir into the aspic. Let it come slowly to the boil, and when it has boiled two minutes, let it stand for another two minutes; then strain through a flannel bag kept for the purpose. If a stiff aspic is required, you must then use rather less water.

Salmon Salad.—Pick some flakes of dressed salmon, and put them on a dish with a little French vinegar, pepper and salt. When they have lain for an hour—or more, if convenient—wipe them with a cloth, and arrange them in a plain mould, with pieces of cabbage-lettuce, a few picked prawns, and olives previously blanched and stoned; and when this is done fill up the mould with aspic jelly. Let the mould stand until the contents are cold, which turn out on a dish, and around the edge place a shred salad, over which, the moment before serving, pour a well prepared salad dressing, made as follows: Mix the yolk of an egg with a teaspoonful of mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies, to a smooth paste; add by degrees a tablespoonful of French vinegar; measure a gill of finest salad oil, and mix with the other ingredients, drop by drop, until the dressing is very thick. A little more vinegar may be added at the last, if required. In preparing salad great care should be taken to dry it thoroughly by shaking in a cloth. Each kind of vegetable should be treated separately—the small salad well-washed through a colander, drained and dried, and the cress and lettuces most carefully freed from grit and insects. At the same time salad must not be allowed to lose its crispness.

Collared Soles.—Take the fillets of a pair of large thick soles, cut them into neat square pieces, leaving the trimming for other dishes, and lay them in vinegar, with a little salt, for an hour; as they must be kept white, the best French vinegar should be used. Boil the fillets gently in salted water, with a little vinegar, until done, take them up and dry them on a cloth. Have ready some picked parsley, and hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters; arrange these neatly at the bottom of a plain mould so as to form a pretty pattern, pour in very gently enough savory jelly to cover the first layer; let it stand until beginning to set, then put another layer of fish eggs, parsley, then more jelly, and so on until the mould is full. When done put the mould on ice, or allow it to stand in a cold place to get well set. Turn it out, ornament with parsley, beetroot and cut lemon.

Rolled Mackerel.—Clean the fish, always being careful that the brown substance which adheres somewhat closely to the backbone near the head, and which is often the cause of the bitterness so unpleasant, be removed. Take off the head, hold the fish in the left hand, and with the thumb and finger of the right, press the backbone to loosen it. Lay the mackerel flat on the board, and remove the bone, which will come out whole. Split the fish in half, lay on each piece half the soft roe, sprinkle lightly with pepper and salt, dredge a little flour over, roll up each piece tightly, tail outwards. Put the rolled fish in a deep baking dish very close together, by which means they will keep their shape; pour over them a pickle made of vinegar, and a fourth part of water, pepper and salt, cover with a plate, and bake in a very slow oven for two hours. When cold, dish the fish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with fennel. The mackerel will keep for a week if turned over every day in the liquor.

Potted Fish.—Pick the fish carefully from the bones, and pound it to a paste in a mortar. Put it in an earthenware jar, which place in a saucepan of boiling water. As soon as the fish gets hot, stir in a fourth of its weight of fresh butter, and a little essence of shrimps, or of anchovies to heighten the flavor. If necessary add a little salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Stir the fish occasionally until nearly cold, then press it into small pots, and the next day cover them with clarified butter or other good fat. Any kind of fish can be potted in this way, and will keep for a week or ten days.

To Dress Cucumber.—Peel and slice the cucumber on to a dish, very thin. The oil for cucumber should be of the most delicate kind, and be sparingly used; pour a little over the cucumber as soon as it is sliced, and turn about till thoroughly mixed; sprinkle over pepper and salt, and finally, add the vinegar. The cucumber should not be prepared till wanted, as it ought not to lie in the dressing, and so lose its crispness. A little sliced onion is often added to dressed cucumber, but it can only be done for a home party whose taste is known. In any case it should not be mixed, but put apart in the centre of the dish.

Confidential Correspondents.

MILLY.—The name is either a corruption of something else, or an invention of the person who chose it.

MISS R. S. B.—We advertise no business houses in this column. Send an addressed postal, and we will gladly furnish you the information required.

PERTH.—Land sold for taxes may be redeemed within two years after the sale on paying the taxes for which it was sold, the costs and 25 per cent. additional on the same.

HUNT.—Ladies frequently wear spurs on horseback. The spur usually worn by them is a mere spike; and when applied to the animal, it of course penetrates through the skirt of the riding-habit.

CLERK.—If the young lady is under age, her father has a perfect right to control her conduct, and she should yield implicit obedience to his wishes so far as choice of society is concerned, as well as in other matters.

RED LAW.—Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen, was no traitor to Napoleon Bonaparte, but fought on his side at Waterloo. He was tried and condemned to death as a traitor to King Louis the Eighteenth, and was shot accordingly.

BABE.—Henna is a plant found in Persia, Egypt and throughout the Levant. It has been replanted in the West Indies. When ground to a powder and mixed with hot water it makes a dye for the hair, harmless and of a rich, red gold color.

ODDLEY.—The navy of Great Britain and Ireland consists of 346 vessels and 57,250 men; of France, 305 vessels and 39,265 men; of Russia, 373 vessels and 26,975 men; of Germany, 91 vessels and 15,200 men; of the United States, 98 vessels and 12,204 men.

EDITH C.—If the young man really loves you, his love will before long overcome his timidity sufficiently to enable him to "declare himself." You should not attempt to "lure him on to a declaration." Let the affair come to maturity without any forcing on your part.

M. L. D.—In order to secure a copyright on your book you must first transmit a printed copy of it to the librarian of Congress, at Washington, before publication. Secondly, you must send to the same address two copies of the book after publication. A fee of fifty cents is required for securing copyright.

F. N. N.—Tight-lacing ruins the health of young females. It is most injurious to all the vital organs, and compresses the bones to a fearful degree. To court diseases and an early death for the sake of displaying a thin waist is the height of human folly. Besides, the male sex can always perceive that the figures of such ladies are naturally slender, and they are therefore more prone to pity or contemn than to admiration.

CETH.—Procopius was a Byzantine historian, born at Cæsarea in the beginning of the sixth century A.C. He was secretary to Belisarius, 527 A.C., and followed him in his campaign against the Vandals, and in the Gothic War was head of the Byzantine navy and commissariat. The Emperor Justinian bestowed high honors upon him, and he wrote the history of Justinian's wars in eight books, with strict impartiality. He died about 565 A.C. The best edition of his works is by Dindorf, in three volumes, published at Bonn, 1833-8. There was also a French edition in the seventeenth century.

TREMULTO.—It is capable of a simple explanation. That a table may be made to turn by the mere muscular action of a number of hands placed in a certain way around it, is probable enough. Indeed this is the principle on which "table-turning" has been explained. But it would be difficult to believe that one or two persons among the party do not, either consciously or unconsciously, give a slight pressure in a particular direction, and thus impart to the table the very slight impetus which may make it turn either to the right or to the left. As for the table telling any person's age by tipping up a certain number of times, that is an utter impossibility, and the belief in it would be a downright superstitious absurdity.

ALICE.—It is pronounced ne-monics, with the accent on the second syllable. No system of mnemonics has ever been of sufficient practical use to lead to its permanent adoption. The object of mnemonics is to aid the memory, but the practical result usually is to encumber the memory with a vast amount of useless contrivances for remembering things which could as well be remembered by a resolute effort to keep them in mind. Over forty years ago there was a noted Professor of mnemonics named Fauvel-Gouraud, who had great success in getting pupils for a time. He joined a secret society, which had several passwords, and the first time the Professor visited one of the lodges of the society, he was unable to get in, because he had forgotten the passwords. This was such a severe blow to his theory and system of memory, and led to so much ridicule, that the Professor never recovered from the effects of it. There have been people, with peculiarly constituted minds, who have been able to accomplish surprising feats of memory by devising systems of mnemonics suitable to their own mental powers. But they have seldom been able to teach their systems to others to any useful extent.

WILD-ROSE.—A school-boy twenty years old, should be somewhat mature in his feelings, but we do not think love at that age, is likely to be strong or lasting, unless in an exceptional case. Our opinion is that real love comes much later in life, beyond twenty-five at least. 2. The only remedy for jealousy we know is to fall in love with someone else, marriage, or death. 3. You should not want to keep the young man paying you attention, if you cannot love him. It would be more lady-like to let him go. 4. Girls should never act a part either in love or any other relation of life. Act towards all men as a good mother's daughter should, and as though her eyes saw, and her ears heard all, you did or said. 5. Show your preference for him in a womanly way, and if he really cares for you, he will let you know it. 6. We consider innocent dancing advantageous in that it exercises the body, lends grace to the movements, and enables one to better discharge their part in society. 7. You should have no "unknown correspondents." To accept such presents is not only improper, but fearfully dangerous. 8. A girl who merely marries to have a man support her, may make a mistake she will regret all her life. We are old-fashioned enough to believe in marrying for love alone. If there is wealth in addition, there is no reason to love less, though it should not be a reason for loving more. 9. One can only tell when "the average boy means anything" by acquiring omniscience.